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THE
Adventurers;
OR,
SCENES IN IRELAND,
IN
THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

— Men whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in it — the never surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up on this island.
SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest*.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE ADVENTURERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE sudden appearance of M'Dermot at the door, and the tone of his voice, as he asked "what is the matter?" produced an immediate cessation of hostilities. The Sergeant rose from his prostrate position. M'Miracle and Shamus crept out of the room; and the nuns stood in groups, anxious, before they went, to ascertain the nature of the operation which had been performed on the Saxon.

M'Dermot called for water and a towel, which was brought by Sister Frances, and pouring the water plentifully on the soldier's head and face, he speedily restored his hair and countenance to their original colour. "You have been the dupe, Haughton," said he, "of rather an unwarrantable mockery; and not you only, but poor M'Miracle also, for he would not lend himself to a jest of this kind knowingly. He is a simple man, and a sincere believer in the jugglery which he practises, or is practised upon him."

“And I too, reverend sir, am a simple man; and worse than simple to be so fooled as I have been. If I escape blinding I shall be content.”

“There is no danger of your sight” said M'Dermont. “You will have to endure a little pain for a while only; and what is perhaps more insupportable to some, a little laughter, and that is all.”

“Who could have expected such cursed joking in a convent?” said the Sergeant.

“And yet, Sergeant, it is natural to expect it, where the inmates of this solitude are altogether without care or occupation.”

“Have they not their charities and their devotions to employ them?”

“Yes; but we have some mercurial spirits amongst us, that will mingle jests even with these serious pursuits; and, while they neglect not their duties, suffer their natural tastes to run in what they consider innocent, though fantastic channels.”

“But surely you, reverend sir, who, if it be possible, are verily and indeed a man of God, though a popish priest, you cannot approve of such inconsistent and profane mingling.”

“Indeed, I cannot approve of it; but we are such strange, and so oddly compounded beings,

that much allowance is to be made for character and temperament. I would not make religion a Procrustes' bed, Sergeant, and refuse to the weary of the world any repose upon it, unless they submitted to my arbitrary measure. The gay and the gloomy may well be the servants of the Messiah. He requires no sacrifice but that of a pure heart."

"If you can pardon jests like these, father, I don't see why you should not admit all the vain amusements of the world."

"There may be danger also in the total exclusion of amusements. There may be an excess of seriousness, tending sometimes to produce madness, (as I, alas! can tell;) and sometimes even to occasion crime, as I have more than once observed. It is hard to poise the mind accurately."

M'Derinoth had, during this discourse, finished the washing of the Sergeant's head, and now retired to his own apartment, which adjoined the library, whence he had been called by the noise and riot near him."

From the moment he had discerned the fatal flag of O'Reilly's cavalry, until the instant he opened the library door, his mind had been in a state of suffering and alienation. On a sud-

den, the strange scene he beheld seemed to give him back his faculties ; and he felt as if awakened from a dream of terror. When he returned to his room, he addressed his sister ; “ How, Maud, waiting on your brother still ? — good girl, God will reward you ; and now that I have got my fugitive wits once more, I will release you from this irksome attendance. Go, and be cheerful and happy.”

For many days these were the first words he had spoken to his sister, she gazed upon him with surprise and pleasure. Her pale cheek glowed with delight ; and tears filled her eyes.

“ You have suffered, Maud,” said he, “ in this attendance ; I see that you are not what you were a short time since. The sick and the miserable are selfish beings. I have injured your health, and you had enough of trouble without this, — do go down to the parlour ; I will stay and pray to God for a while :” — and he kissed her forehead.

Mrs. M·Mahon left the room : she was indeed, as he had observed, greatly altered. The cheerfulness which she had acquired at Armagh, disappeared at Glenfinin, and left her more melancholy and dejected than she had ever been before. She wept frequently. At Armagh she

might almost be said to have been gay, and her fine face, though pale, had a hue of health ; but now there was a coldness and transparency about her, — it was like the wasting of an icicle.

It was thought that the close attendance upon her brother, and upon the sick Colonel, had produced these effects. But Mrs. M'Mahon had nearly given up her attendance on the latter ; and Clara De Lacy, who had now almost the entire care of his wounds, had rather improved than suffered in her health. Clara's sunny character seemed to brighten into a deeper and richer glow ; she appeared to have acquired a new sense and feeling of existence, full of hope and joy. And this, like a contagion of happiness, spread itself through the convent. The prioress enjoyed more uniform good spirits ; sister Frances was less severe and sarcastic, and could sometimes find enjoyment unconnected with mischief. The whole convent breathed a new atmosphere of pleasure, which, when examined, seemed to radiate from Clara De Lacy.

A few days after the famous controversy in the library, Mortough M'Tierney arrived at the convent with letters to the Colonel. Mortough, who had accompanied the Colonel to

the convent, had disappeared immediately after, and was not since heard of till now.

The most important of these letters was from the Lord Marshal, Sir Henry Bagnal. He stated, that though he had made the most diligent search, and offered large bribes, he had been unable to discover the place of confinement of his friend Marvel; but that, for a small sum, an Irishman had undertaken to have a letter conveyed to him, though he made oath that he did not himself know where he was confined. — “I have been persuaded,” said he, “to trust this man, for reasons with which I will not trouble you.” He then proceeded to detail the operations of the armies, and admitted that he had received repeated and most positive commands from the Queen, to put an end to the war, and make peace with the Irish, almost upon any terms. “But, can I make peace? It is true that the Irish, like the Queen, are willing to accept moderate terms; and you, Marvel, I know, would counsel me to indulge them both, and put an end to this waste of life. But can I do this while O’Neil lives and triumphs? I cannot. You will say there is danger in disobeying the Queen. Not the least. We will provide her Majesty with plausible

reasons for our contempt of her commands, and she must be satisfied. A few thousand acres of forfeited lands well bestowed on her Majesty's council, and a few more distributed amongst her great officers here, will settle every difficulty which may arise from this point. I am, therefore, firmly resolved to continue the war.

“ I have, I may confess it to you, sustained serious reverses ; my troops are scattered and dispirited ; and the activity of that omnipresent devil, O'Moore, does not give me a moment to collect them. But all this was nothing to the peril I ran myself. Would you believe it ? I was actually in the hands of the enemy ; and permitted to go at large, with no more injury or inconvenience than a little scolding ! What a generous enemy ! you will exclaim ; and you will take this to be a full confirmation of your inveterate good opinion of the Irish. But listen.

“ I had learned that you were in the hands of the Irish, and though I did not fear for your life, as I knew that you had fallen into the custody of O'Moore, who has a kind of generous vein in him ; yet I was determined to make an effort for your rescue. I got some uncertain information of your route, and proceeded

at the head of O'Reilly's horse (my own were dispersed) in the direction of the great bog of Shi-shi.

“ There, some devil threw the pope's vicar, M'Egan, in my way; and in endeavouring to intercept him I was entangled in the bog, and fooled by my guide, who I really believe was an impostor sent to lead me astray. We remained stuck firmly in the bog the whole of a wet and bitter night, myself, and half-a-dozen horse. In the morning my cavalry were gone, nor could I imagine what was become of them. We were soon perceived by the people on the skirts of the bog, surrounded, disarmed, and made prisoners. They were fortunately ignorant who I was, or, I believe, I should have remained very tranquil in the morass. They marched us a considerable way, without seeming to have any particular plan of disposing of us; at length we fell in with a military party which relieved them of their charge.

“ They were a party of Irish horse, well mounted and equipped, and might be about fifty. At the head of this troop rode a Lady, their commander! She was rather a young woman, very beautiful, and with an air of great loftiness and authority. She was armed with a

pair of handsome pistols in her holsters, and a dagger slung at her side. This singular commander, after reconnoitering our party, ordered all, but myself, into the rear, and directed that I should be led to a cottage on the road side, and carefully guarded. This was done. And in a few minutes after these arrangements, the lady's servant arrived with a plentiful supply of excellent wine, cakes, and coffee, which was by no means untimely or unacceptable. I finished my meal in peace, and almost in comfort, beside a large fire of blazing oak branches, and was thinking what was to come next, when the lady came herself.

“She returned my profound salute, by a very slight and almost imperceptible nod of the head, surveying me attentively, and in silence, from head to foot. I felt uncomfortable, I own, and my feelings were not at all set at ease, when she said : — ‘ And pray, by what masterly movement was it that Marshal Bagnal placed himself in our hands ?’

“ ‘ It was an awkward accident, my lady, and no more.’

“ ‘ An awkward accident ! When such things befall great commanders, we call them by another name in Ireland.’

“‘And, perhaps, this adventure might deserve another name. I will not deny it. You know me, lady; and, whoever you are, I will rely upon your using your power generously.’

“‘Generously! — Sir Henry Bagnal talk of generosity! — Man, have you not the blood of M’Mahon on your hands, of your own friend, the weak fool who trusted the Saxon?’

“‘M’Mahon was a traitor.’

“‘He was a traitor to his country, and his country’s cause; but you *know* that to you he was faithful, and to your Queen. Fie, my Lord Marshal! — Though blood were thicker clotted upon your head than the leaves upon that valley, do not humble yourself to falsehood. Falsehood is a recreant’s resource.’

“‘Well, then, I will deal freely with you. M’Mahon was in my power, as I am in yours; I used my power as I thought my interest needed; use yours in like manner.’

“‘Spoken like a man and a soldier. If any danger hung over you, it was only while you seemed to shrink from it. It has passed away, Saxon, and you are safe.’

“‘Nay, lady. It is true I would not die this death, if it were possible; but mock me not. I know how freely your countrymen use the

steel; and I will not say that I deserve their forbearance.'

" ' Nevertheless, I tell you you are safe; not that you deserve it, but that it suits my purpose that you should live.'

" ' Indeed! How can that be?'

" ' I am the discarded wife of the O'Neil.'

" ' You surprise me. I am O'Neil's foe: but perhaps we have a common cause, as you too are his enemy.'

" ' So such a one as you might think, and therefore I pardon the surmise; but the daughter of O'Toole could have no common cause with the Saxon; and the wife of O'Neil, even though discarded, could not be the ally of his enemy.'

" ' Then I don't understand you, lady.'

" ' You could not. But hear me. O'Neil, powerful in war, wise in council, prompt in emergency, inexhaustible in resources, brave, resolute, and accomplished, has one defect; and you are the only remedy and medicament.'

" ' What may be that disease, for which I am so strange a medicine?'

" ' Indecision, — an excess of caution. O'Neil heaps plot upon plot, and contrivance upon contrivance. He is always preparing for action,

and never ready ; always waiting for opportunity, and suffering it to pass by again and again. When in the field, his decision is instant, and his execution, like the lightning, rapid ; but, to get him fairly into the field, is no easy matter. He is loth to war with England, for he fears her power ; but he dreads still more the rapacity and falsehood of the Queen's servants in Ireland. These push him on to war, in hope to profit by his spoil, if he should fall ; while a weak attachment to the Queen, for imaginary favours, opposes itself to their goadings.'

" ' I understand you now. You think I am the chief of those who would force your husband into action.'

" ' Just so.'

" ' You are right, lady. But does this conduct spring from love or hatred ? I cannot divine.'

" ' Nor does it matter that you should divine it. But, Saxon, the O'Neil's wife, though separated for ever from her husband, has not renounced her duties. His glory was her chief object, while she was the partner of his bosom ; his glory is her only pursuit still.'

" ' He made you an ill return for such attachment.'

“ ‘Yes. I loved O’Neil, and I did not hate the Saxon less. He rose into the power and the splendour which was his own, by means of the Saxons’ help; and this hurt me. I could have loved him better with a rood of land, as an outcast from his great inheritance. Upon this we parted. He was a man for indirect means; for any means that would secure his object. I loved straight-forward courses, and would have scorned a crown purchased by evasions.’

“ ‘O’Neil has got now a more complaisant wife, one that meddles less in politics.’

“ ‘She is dying.’

“ ‘Dying! Impossible! But I wish she were dead, indeed.’

“ ‘I have a letter from her to her brother. Could you think that I would be my rival’s letter-carrier? But I know, whatever it be, it will not shake your purpose, nor root out your hatred of O’Neil. It is not in your nature to forgive the man that out-tops you. In this you aid me too, Saxon, that you have killed your sister.’

“ I was silent; and she gave me the letter to read. It was indeed from my sister, and ran thus: — She commenced by reminding me of our early and innocent years at Bagnal’s Close,

and dwelt fondly upon the happiness of that tranquil period, when, she said, my love made all her joy, and was the light of her little life. I was moved to tears, Marvel, for it was true. She then touched gently upon her journey into Ireland, which had originated with myself; my strange reception of her, and my subsequent neglect; O'Neil's devoted fondness; her error in having married without my consent, and her sufferings arising from the dissensions between her brother and her husband, which have at length, she says, broken the cords of life.'

"She is dying, she says, and she begs me to listen to the last entreaties of a departing spirit, and be at peace with her husband. 'If I have offended you,' she continues, 'I beg your forgiveness, Henry, on my death-bed; but with the authority of a death-bed, too, I must adjure you to be at peace with O'Neil, and to give peace to this suffering country. Oh! think of the many souls that perish in this war, and that their blood is upon your head; for it is well known that in continuing the war, you act in defiance of the Queen's commands. And was it fair or honourable, Henry, to intercept and suppress O'Neil's correspondence with the Queen, at the very time that you were misre-

presenting his conduct to the government? Oh, these are acts of deep and terrible malice. They have broken my heart; and now that I am passing away from this world, let me tell you that they are guilty, punishable acts, and all unworthy of Henry Bagnal's talents. If you must have been O'Neil's enemy — if you must have pursued your sister's husband, with the edge of the sword, you should have been satisfied with that, nor meanly surround him with a net of treachery.

“ ‘Henry, I am dying; not many weeks after you receive this, I shall be in my grave. O'Neil has used me kindly. His love and tenderness have not abated for a moment. Though I brought him no other dowry than my brother's hatred; though my portion was a wasting and cruel war, in which thousands have perished; he has never upbraided me. Do, dear Henry, make him some return. Let the voice of your only, and once-loved sister, when it speaks from the grave, have a weight and influence with you, which, alas! it had not when it was a living voice.’

“ This letter, Marvel, went to my soul, but it changed not my purpose for an instant; I folded it, and put it in my pocket.

“ The lady had been observing me with an eye

of fixed attention. ‘Is it not as I conjectured,’ said she; ‘the dying sister makes as little impression as the living one?’

“‘It is even so.’

“‘Now, that is being a true man; I like an unbending spirit. Our conference is at an end, Saxon. Go and accomplish your destiny, as I must mine. Yours is to involve this kingdom in war, and to raise up the Irish into universal rebellion against the stranger. The success of this effort is in the hand of Providence; but the attempt is our own. God, perhaps, will prosper us; but in any result, it will be a consolation to have done our duty. Go, sir, go!’

The imperious lady motioned me out of the house, waving her hand magnificently. She had laid aside her little close bonnet, covered with thick black plumes, and now resumed it. This, with her cloak of fine cloth and furs, and her tall figure, gave her an imposing appearance. She looked like one whose commands were not to be disputed; and I was in no humour to disobey them.

“I found my attendants outside the door, mounted, armed, and ready to receive me. My horse was held by one of the lady’s servants. When in the saddle I bowed low to this ex-

traordinary woman; but she did not deign to return my salutation, and I rode off rapidly.

“Now, Marvel, what think you of this strange and awkward adventure? Ought I to be influenced by this womanish notion of Lucy’s, of death and a broken heart? or diverted from my plans and purposes, because she chose to marry this cursed Irishman? And even at the worst, what have I better to wish for than that she should die, and wipe out this stain which she has put upon our family. Perhaps you think I owe something to the generosity of O’Neil’s discarded wife; but you can’t think so, for she used me with the haughtiness of a sultana, chastising her slave; and she preserved my life for no other reason than that I might become an instrument to promote her own purposes. It is true that I felt guilty, and awed in her presence, and found it impossible to rally my spirits effectually. But persons of this strange character, especially women, seem to subdue all those that approach them, by the energy and loftiness of their peculiarities. Adieu, Marvel. I am interrupted. The messenger who takes this will bring me your thoughts upon our present confused affairs. But recollect, my destiny is fixed.”

Colonel Marvel was deeply affected by this

letter ; but especially by the state of Lady O'Neil's health and mind. He read her letter to her brother over again, and wept over it. He could not doubt that she told the truth ; for she could not condescend to misrepresentation, even in the most trivial case. To divert her brother from his purpose, he knew to be vain ; Bagnal had embarked in such courses, that it seemed hopeless to advise him. Indeed, he was surprised that he had applied for his advice. He admired the character of O'Neil's first wife, whom he had always heard represented as a haughty and ambitious woman, who surpassed her husband greatly in some of those qualities in which he was supposed to excel. It was one of those cases, where similarity of tastes produces disagreement and disgust.

CHAPTER II.

THE feast of Saint Bridget of Glenfinin, the great festival of the convent, was now arrived, and the Colonel was invited to partake of the general hilarity. The morning was ushered in by the ringing of all the bells of the convent towers; and the peasants of the valley attended high mass in their gayest apparel. The abbot of a neighbouring abbey officiated in the chapel, and preached a most eloquent sermon on the surprising miracles and piety of the saint of the convent. In the evening there were bone-fires on the hills all around; and in the convent a sumptuous entertainment for the abbot, and the clergy who accompanied him in his visit upon this joyous occasion.

It was late when the abbot and his clergy left the convent; and it was reported that their journey homewards, though the distance did not exceed two miles, by the short cut over

Slieve-na-pouca, would have been attended with great peril, if it had not been for the special interference of Saint Bridget, who, though ordinarily averse from all intemperance, yet upon this occasion felt bound, in honour, to have an eye upon the truants she had made.

Colonel Marvel, who had dined this day at the table of the hospitable prioress, had retired to rest some time before the departure of the abbot and his friends. Sergeant Haughton had attended him at table, and afterwards helped him to bed, as was his custom.

“Good night, Sergeant,” said the Colonel; as he tucked in the bed-clothes and adjusted the curtains. “Good night, Sergeant” — for he saw that the Sergeant had much to say, and was greatly apprehensive of a “curtain lecture.”

“Please your honour,” said the Sergeant, “did you observe how those priests of Baal drank the old hock?”

“A — a — ue,” said the Colonel. “A — a — ue, I am sleepy, Sergeant.”

“Is your honour comfortable?”

“Very comfortable, Haughton; let me go to sleep.”

“Did you observe how they all looked at me,

your honour, as if they would bite off my head? I could not help showing my disgust at such a scene of heathenish revelry."

"I suppose, Sergeant, they looked at you to see if your hair was red, as M'Miracle undertook to make it."

The Colonel knew that Haughton was sore upon this subject, and hoped it would send him away. But he stood firm to his post.

"Are the curtains to your honour's mind?"

"They are very well, Haughton — pray, go to sleep."

"If any one but your honour's self had mentioned that cursed thing about my hair —"

"I protest, Haughton, I think it has a reddish hue. I thought so at dinner."

The Sergeant took the candle off the table, and marched off without further parley; slamming the door, however, a little too hard as he went, and muttering something about people not seeing straight, when they mix in popish revels.

The Colonel was content with his victory; and highly diverted by the scattered shot fired in the retreat.

Though the Sergeant was so severe upon popish intemperance, the truth must be told,

that he had been seduced by Shamus Delany, to regale himself with a few cups of wine extraordinary; a circumstance, which at the instant he was quitting the Colonel's room, had escaped his memory. It was a gala day — the events of which are easily forgotten, but their consequences not always.

As the Sergeant quitted his master's door, he was met accidentally by Norneen M'Tracy, a very pretty chamber-maid of the convent, in whose spiritual welfare the Sergeant was remarked to take a deep concern. Norneen understood little of theological subjects; but she listened with great patience and good humour to the Sergeant's profound discourses, and only interfered, when he was a little too vehement in his abuse of priestcraft. Upon these occasions the fair chamber-maid would place her delicate finger upon the Sergeant's lip, and he would always obey its gentle pressure.

In return, Norneen would tell him of the poukies, who tormented her, and pinched her from head to foot; and when the Sergeant laughed, or remonstrated, as it may be, she would innocently show him some of the black spots on her fair arm or fairer neck, which proved the malice of the fairies; and which were black

enough to convince the most obstinate incredulity.

“It was certainly most strange,” the Sergeant would observe upon these occasions, while he examined the marks, and spent, it was said, more time than need be in the examination. So frequent, indeed, and so long were these examinations, that they gave rise to various uncharitable discourses, in the culinary department of the convent, where the piety and simplicity of Sergeant Haughton’s endeavours were by no means duly appreciated. Something of what was said and surmised had reached his ear; but he was resolved, that no malice of profane gossips should induce him to abandon poor Norneen M’Tracy to the perdition of popery; whence he had some hope of rescuing her, seeing that she listened to his discourses with such admirable docility.

It was now too late an hour to enter upon religious topics with the chamber-maid, but she had something to say. It was only to tell of some new and extraordinary persecutions by “the good people.” “She had marks upon her neck,” she said, “of an immense size, since last night.” She did not know what would become of her. “I do not offend them, I am

sure," said the poor girl, "except it be in listening to you, Sergeant;" and she sobbed piteously, and shed tears.

The Sergeant was moved. He begged to see the spot, that he might judge of this extraordinary affair; and, with a little modest hesitation, he was gratified. The spots were somewhat low down, which was the cause of Norneen's hesitation. The Sergeant viewed them again and again. It was strange, — most strange. He ventured to touch them with the tip of his little finger; and he felt immediately, as it were, a pulse in it vibrating to his very heart. Could it be, that there are indeed fairies? — and that by touching the marks they had made, he had placed himself under the influence of the spell?

The Sergeant looked in the face of the innocent Norneen. That face wore an expression of such simplicity, and an air of such soft and gentle artlessness, as could not be beheld unmoved. Norneen said nothing. The Sergeant laid down the candle which he held in his hand, and said something which he did not understand himself, nor did Norneen. Poor Haughton was confused. He took Norneen's soft hand, with a look of infinite tenderness and

compassion, when a loud voice in the passage, for they were still outside the colonel's door, made them both start.

It was Judith Collins, the cook, inviting the sergeant to the festivities of the kitchen, which were now preparing.

"I knew," said the malicious Judith, "that I should find you both together. Well, on such a night as this, we won't mind."

The sergeant would have refused Judith's kind invitation, but he was afraid of her commentaries, (for Judith was an able commentator,) and consented to accompany her. There was not less merriment, nor worse cheer in the kitchen, than had been in the parlour; and the sergeant was treated with so much attention, that he forgot the Pope, and all the abominations of the Lady of Babylon. Norneen's fairy marks were alluded to, indeed; but so slightly, as not to give offence; and, before supper was concluded, the sergeant was the loudest and the gayest of the throng.

It was late when Sergeant Haughton found his way to his bed-chamber; but he certainly got there; and he had no sooner closed the door, than he discovered Norneen M'Tracy standing behind it. The sergeant rubbed his

eyes. Could he be deceived? — No; there was Norneen, with her face, indeed, turned towards the wall. It was no vision of the brain, for the sergeant was not absolutely drunk.

Haughton was grieved and embarrassed, for he was a modest and a moral man; and this unaccountable intrusion of the fair chambermaid, was by no means calculated to raise her in his estimation. He hemmed and coughed violently, then made two or three circuits round the room. Norneen did not stir. What could he do? — Could he be so ungallant as not to speak to her? Was it possible he could turn her out, and expose her to the derision and contempt of the house? And for no cause, but that she loved a little “too well.” Let the world blame her, not him; from him she merited other treatment. He would speak to her.

All this passed in the sergeant’s mind in a very short time; and he had no sooner arranged his course of proceeding, than he advanced with a soft step towards the love-sick maiden. “Norneen,” said the sergeant, “it was not right that you should come into my room at this hour of the night. I am but a poor weak mortal, though God has given me some knowledge of his ways, and of the gospel. Still, still, you

have acted wrong, girl; I feel that you have." The sergeant hesitated, made a half circuit round the room, returned, and placed his hand gently upon Norneen's shoulder. The effect was astounding: the poor girl fell at full length upon the floor. The sergeant shrieked with horror. "Oh! I have killed her with my cursed scruples and severity. What man but myself would have received such a beautiful young creature in such a manner, or thought of scolding her for her love? These Irishmen will despise me; the women will hate me. Oh, Norneen! Norneen! forgive me, and I will be cruel to you no more." As he said this, he lifted her in his arms, turning towards him her fair face, which had hitherto concealed its blushes next the wall. The sergeant was agitated to the last degree. He trembled with pity, kindness, and remorse, and sobbed and shed tears over his lovely burden. How could he look upon that injured and averted face? But he did look upon it. It was the face of the sweeping-brush! — and the love-sick Norneen was but a brid-oge. Haughton threw the deceit from him in a rage; and a shout of laughter on the outside of the door, told him that all he had said and done had been witnessed by all the

servants of the household, and that he was again the dupe of a jest. He had heard of the Irish custom of dressing brid-oges on St. Bridget's night, but it had never occurred to him. There was nothing for it now but to go to bed, and the sergeant adopted this prudent course, and speedily forgot his mortifications.

A few weeks had passed away, and all was changed at the convent of Glenfinin — such is human life. Colonel Marvel was nearly restored to perfect health, and only required air and exercise to complete his cure. The prioress was confined within doors, with a very serious cold. Frances was her nurse and attendant; for she would not permit the attendance of her favourite Clara, whose cheek she thought exhibited symptoms of precarious health. She insisted that she should accompany Colonel Marvel in his walks. The clouds which had hung so heavily on M'Dermot's mind, had dispersed, and his fine understanding shone out more brilliantly than before; but a deep and fixed melancholy had settled upon his sister's mind, which as yet baffled every effort to remove.

Clara's walks were not merely walks of health, but of intellectual improvement. Though acquainted with books far more than her age or

character would lead any one to suspect, she was necessarily ignorant of what was passing in the world, and of all that species of information, sometimes most interesting and important, which can be derived only from the intercourse of general society.

Colonel Marvel supplied this defect in her education. Far surpassing her in those pursuits of literature in which she delighted most, he was also capable of opening to her view other scenes of life, and larger aspects of the world, than hitherto she was acquainted with. She expatiated with eager delight in this new region of happiness; and considered her Mentor as the first of men. She compared him with all those whom she had ever seen at the convent, and, except M'Dermot, when in the brighter moods of his spirit, he far surpassed them all. Indeed, she had seen few except the clergy; and these were divided into the pious, the superstitious, and the bon-vivans — the latter were the most numerous.

Clara knew of Colonel Marvel's love and disappointment; and this gave him an additional interest in her eyes, because she pitied him. The Colonel had settled in his mind that he could never love more. He shrank from the

notion of a second love, as from a horrible treachery and indelicacy; and when he alluded to the subject, he was glad to find that Clara fully concurred with him, in considering it as an impossible thing. This understanding left their intercourse more free and unembarrassed. The Colonel's only purpose was to cultivate those talents in Clara, which he admired and delighted in; Clara's object was to sooth the Colonel's grief, and charm away his melancholy, as some return for the pains he bestowed upon her.

Those assiduities were not bestowed in vain; whether they rambled through the woods, or climbed the precipitous rocks, or traced the bank of the winding rivulet of the valley, the Colonel found means to mingle instruction with delight. Clara had looked upon all these objects from her infancy, and thought them beautiful; but her perceptions of their beauty were general and undefined. The Colonel taught her to see them in another light; a new creation opened around her. The trees assumed a new intelligence; and appeared to her unsealed eyes full of character and eloquence. The rugged rocks spoke; and the wild flowers discoursed "unutterable things."

While rambling in the woods one day, Clara

and the Colonel had seated themselves on the grass in a little green glade, surrounded by thickets, and were discoursing upon the state of society in England, a subject on which Clara was very inquisitive, when a rustling amongst the leaves made her start upon her feet.—“Really there is something in this,” said she, — “I thought I saw human faces several times through the trees,” and she darted into the thicket. She was no sooner gone, than instantly two shots were fired. She returned as quickly as she had disappeared, and found the Colonel stretched on the grass, wounded and bleeding.

“It is nothing, Clara,” said he, rising, “nothing, I assure you. I am only slightly grazed on the temple. Let us walk home, for we may be still in danger.” Clara tore her handkerchief to staunch the blood, and having ascertained that the wound was slight, she sat upon the grass, and gave way to a passion of tears. But it was only for an instant ; when seeming to recollect herself, she started up, and urged the Colonel to hasten away. They had hardly left the spot, when they saw the whole household of the convent coming to meet them. This was another mystery. How could they have been informed at the convent of what had occurred ?

It was a mystery, however, that could be no otherwise explained than by the simple story, that Mrs. M'Mahon had sent a message to the prioress, intreating her to send in the direction of the wood of Cappa without delay, as the Colonel's life was in danger. The prioress instantly complied, without inquiring how Mrs. M'Mahon had acquired her information.

They all now proceeded to the convent. Clara was still very much agitated, and the Colonel was grave, and appeared chiefly occupied with the extraordinary emotion of his young companion.

When they arrived at the convent, the prioress was waiting at the door, and all proceeded to the parlour to discuss this strange occurrence, and to dress the Colonel's wound. But they wearied themselves in vain, with conjectures. Who could have an interest in injuring the Colonel? He was under the special protection of the convent; he was a favourite with the people of the valley, and visited their cottages on the most friendly footing. While this discussion was going on, and Clara was busy dressing the wound, the door opened, and Mrs. M'Mahon entered. She had confined herself to her chamber for some time, and seen

no one. The alteration in her appearance, for this short interval of time, was astonishing. Her face was pale and emaciated; much of its exquisite beauty was gone: but to those who knew what it had been a few weeks before, it was but the more interesting for this fading away of its loveliness.

Mrs. M'Mahon did not speak to any one, but crossed the room on tip-toe, the fore finger of her left hand pressed on her closed lips, as if in a sick chamber, where the patient was sleeping. When she reached the Colonel, she drew Clara away from his chair, and then placing both her hands on his head, she removed the bandages gently, which the young lady had already applied. "I will not injure it, dear Clara," said she, as she unrolled the bandage.

"Ah! thank God! it is slight — it was not I, indeed — Oh! God forbid that I should do this cruel deed."

"My dear," said the Prioress, "we know you have nothing to do with this shocking act, but how did you learn that it was to be attempted?"

"That is a secret," said Mrs. M'Mahon, — "but it was not his fault; the Saxon Colonel did no wrong — if the heedless fawn was

stricken to the earth, and was dying by the brook side, she rushed upon the dart in innocence of heart, and bleeds, oh ! how she bleeds."

"Do not gaze at me so, my love," said she to Clara. "I will do you no injury, indeed."

Clara's eyes filled with tears. "Nay, now," said the Lady, "we must be friends," and she kissed the tears from her eyes — "you will be happy, dear Clara, and I will be happy, too — how sweet it is to lie under the green turf and be at rest. See, young woman — Clara, you have not dressed the Colonel's wound. It bleeds, and no one attends to it — poor — would not have neglected him so. She has often dressed Colonel Marvel's wounds — but she was not worthy. Adieu, Clara."

As Mrs. M'Mahon left the room, the Prioress observed, that this kind of passing wandering of the mind, though frequent in the family of the M'Dermots, had never before shewn itself in this Lady, not even on the death of her husband.

The next day brought visitors of importance to the convent. These were O'Moore and De Burgo. They came to announce to Colonel Marvel, that the Earl of Essex had been ap-

pointed by the Queen Governor of Ireland, with the new title of Lord Lieutenant, and with considerable powers, and that he had arrived in Dublin. They further proposed that Colonel Marvel should be set at large; and that he should undertake to proceed to Dublin and wait upon the new Lord Lieutenant, with proposals from the Irish Lords in arms, or preparing to take arms, for a redress of grievances, and general pacification of the kingdom.

To this proposition Marvel readily acceded. And having conferred fully with the chiefs as to all points necessary for his instruction and guidance, he took leave of his friends at the convent, and set out upon his important mission. The two chiefs accompanied him for some distance; and then also took their leave. Marvel left the convent with mingled feelings of relief and regret. His situation had become difficult and embarrassed. He felt relieved in escaping from it, and yet he felt his heart struggle against his liberty.

He was provided with a passport, signed by O'Neil, O'Moore, and M'William (De Burgo), for himself and his servant, by means of which he journeyed on in perfect safety, though he fell in, on his route, with various detachments

of Irish troops, regular and irregular. As he approached Dublin, the ravages of war became more visible, because the neighbourhood of this city had been better settled and cultivated, and afforded therefore more material to the hand of ruin. The O'Moores of Leix had done dreadful execution in all this district; and had severely retaliated upon the citizens the cruelties which had been practised upon themselves. Castles lay every where in ruins. Farm-houses and manor-houses presented nothing but scorched and roofless walls. The young plantations were laid waste, and garden flowers were "growing wild" about the desolate mansions, shewing where the hand of culture and tastefulness had once been.

It was evening when Marvel arrived at one of Lord Essex's out-posts, which had been just established about half a mile in advance of the city walls, in a shed erected amidst the ruins of a large manor-house. The officer of the post had contrived to cover-in an angle of the ruin, so as to shelter himself from the inclemency of the weather. His horses were grazing in the rich grass of the lawn, which owned at present no proprietor. There had been a lodge and a gate in front of the house; at present a frag-

ment only of the lodge remained, and the pillars of the gate. A sentinel, however, had succeeded into make himself a sentry box on this spot, and challenged Marvel as he approached slowly along the broken road. Marvel reported himself as a British officer on his way to Dublin; and was conducted along an avenue of elms, whose bulk had probably saved them from destruction, to the main building, where Lieutenant Heady kept his post.

This officer received Marvel politely, and furnished him with a pass to Dublin. He learned from Heady, that the army which Lord Essex brought over was about twenty thousand strong, and furnished with a sufficient supply of contempt for the "Irish enemy," and no very flattering opinion of the old Anglo-Irish army, which had suffered itself to be beaten by such a foe. Marvel attempted to combat these notions, and to give some useful advice to the new-comer. But the Lieutenant repaid him with a smile, indicating his superiority to any instructions of the sort; and the Colonel gave over his vain attempt to be useful, and took his leave. Haughton had been endeavouring to perform the same good office towards the sergeant of the post, and with the same success —

the new sergeant insinuating that his adviser ought to have taken the advice he gave.

“If we have done wrong, we wish you to profit by our errors.”

“Very good — we don’t intend to commit errors, man. Lord Essex is our commander.”

“Let him take care then of that serpent O’Neil, or the Lion of Leix; they have rent the jerkins off as pretty fellows as Lord Essex,” said Haughton; and the parties separated, as advisers and the advised usually do, pitying and despising each other.

Marvel soon fell in with a considerable portion of the newly-arrived army, encamped outside the walls of Dublin. They appeared to be mostly new troops, and in gay and excellent equipments. The men were young and in high spirits; pleased with the novelty of the country, confident in the gallantry and soldier-like qualities of their commander, and relying upon an easy and triumphant career of conquest, to be rewarded with large possessions, lands, tenements, and hereditaments.

In the rear of the troops, and lying between them and the town walls, was a much more extensive and irregular encampment. This consisted of the multitude driven in from the

surrounding country, by the successful operations of the Irish, and who had been for a long time pent up within the city ; but on the arrival of the gallant army of Lord Essex, they had gladly exchanged the streets and alleys of the crowded town, for the pleasanter encampment outside the walls, where they were under the wing of the *invincible* army, as they believed and asserted it to be.

These poor sufferers had forgotten their past sorrows, in the joy of the deliverance at hand. Marvel made his way with difficulty through the long and irregular lines of the crowded encampment. Many of them when they were forced to abandon their houses to the Irish, had been able to bring with them their cattle, and much of their effects. The cattle were grazing at large in the neighbouring grounds ; for the law of trespass was in abeyance at this period ; while more stood in the narrow passages of the encampment feeding the multitude with their milk, and obstructing the way. Farther on, men were slaughtering these generous and kindly animals, their hands stained with blood, and the ground heaped with bleeding flesh and torn limbs. “ See, sir,” said Haughton, “ what return men make for benefits. For years, per-

haps, these gentle creatures fed their murderers with their milk; we reward them with the knife."

"Don't be surprised, sir," said a man, who overheard Haughton's remark, "for we deal with each other in the same spirit. Look at all these brave gentlemen with their gay plumes and glittering arms — what are they come to Ireland for? 'Tis said, that some centuries ago the Irish sent Christian missionaries to Britain, and founded schools, and built colleges and churches; now we generous Englishmen send steel in return."

The sergeant was silent, and the stranger went on. "You will say, sir, perhaps that we are come to return the favour they did us; that as they converted us heretofore from heathenism, so we may turn them now from the errors of popery."

"Exactly, sir," said Haughton, "that is the very thing I say" — rejoiced that the stranger had put an argument into his mouth.

"Aye, I guessed it, — that is the very thing you say — ha, ha."

The sergeant did not like the tone of this; and growled a little indistinctly.

"Don't be angry, friend, and I will tell you

something more presently that you have to say."

"How can you do that, sir?" said Haughton, fiercely.

"Bless my life, how angry the man is!" said the stranger. "I am an Englishman as well as you, lad, and can be angry too sometimes. I am angry when I see people profaning the name of God and his truth, — by talking of converting people from their errors, and using such instruments as fire and sword for the purpose; these instruments are used for murder and robbery only, when we go into our neighbour's house with them, or into our neighbour's kingdom. I judge of the object by the instrument — and I am never deceived. These things make me angry, friend."

The stranger was a little man dressed in a buff leather jerkin or jacket, having his legs covered with the same material, and wearing a small round hat to fit his head exactly. During this conversation, Marvel and his servant found it impossible to proceed, as the way was blocked up with all manner of obstructions. On one side, that great master of the British Drama, Punch, had established his theatre, and performed his celebrated feats to admiring and

delighted crowds ; on the other side was a little set of performers of another character, and not less expert or applauded, dancing dogs, and miscellaneous musicians playing all sorts of tunes, on all sorts of instruments.

The stranger had been separated from the sergeant in the tumult, and the colonel's attention was now fixed by a figure in the crowd which he imagined he was familiar with, though he could not call to mind when or where. It was a beggar, who was asking alms with great earnestness, and in a strain of the most moving mendicant eloquence : the voice, too, sounded familiarly to his ear. The man confessed himself an Irishman, but one who had suffered woefully for his attachment to the British cause ; he inveighed bitterly against the O'Moores, and exhibited his arm, burnt and lacerated by their revengeful barbarity, to the pity and charity of the beholders. The crowd was moved to compassion, and consoled his griefs with some donations. Marvel had made various movements to obtain a full view of the beggar's face, but in vain. Accident or design had continually baffled him ; and the man had now collected his alms, and was lost in the crowd.

At this instant, the stranger in the buff-leather jerkin re-appeared.

“Halloa, friend!” said he, on spying the sergeant, “one would think this was Bristol fair: here is every sort of nuisance you could find in our town. Egad, my townsmen have made out a very tolerable second edition of their city here. They would be quite comfortable, only for these wicked O’Moorees and the other savages, who happen to have a better title to the place.”

“God expelled the Canaanites,” said the sergeant, “and gave the land to his chosen people.”

“Yes; but then he gave them their commission openly at Sinai. Shew me your’s. For, without this, every robber on the highway might plead a divine commission to plunder.”

“There is no other way,” replied the sergeant, “of converting this obstinate people; who are devoted, beyond all imagination, to their idols of popery and superstition.”

“A good mode of curing idolatry, by taking to our pure and orthodox selves the goods and chattels of the party, and cramming true religion down their throats with the point of the sword. If the patient does not recover, the

physician, at least, will be the better for the operation."

"I'd swear you are no Englishman," said the sergeant, in a rage.

"Then you'd swear what was not true. I am David Dabble, son of Tristram Dabble, late merchant and chapman of Bristol. My father was so industrious that his son can afford to be idle, and I came here to inspect the state and condition of our colony of Bristol settled in Dublin, and I cannot say that their proceedings are altogether to my mind. They have got religion upon their lips, and their hands are full of plunder. I don't like it."

"Sir," said Marvel, "there is much justice in your observations; but I must remark, that the colony having placed themselves here, — perhaps they ought not to have done it; — but they are now almost compelled by circumstances to a line of conduct not to be justified, possibly, but hardly to be avoided. This, I fear, is the utmost can be said for them."

"Why, there is sense in that," said Dabble; "I like to hear sense, Sir, I beg you will favour me with your acquaintance. You are a sensible man."

"I fear I cannot pretend to that character, but I shall be glad of the honour of your acquaintance. I am going to Dublin, will you accompany us?"

"With all my heart," replied Dabble.

CHAPTER III.

As they made way with difficulty through the crowd, Marvel again saw the tall beggar he had before noticed, and again attempted, in vain, to obtain a perfect view of him.

“Aye,” said Dabble, “I see you have noticed that fellow ; but, if he has a mind to avoid you, you may give him up, he is too nimble. I have seen him at every corner of the encampment, at the same minute of time, as one may say. That fellow is a thief, sir, or a spy, I’ll warrant you. I have been watching him all the morning.”

“As you are acquainted in Dublin, Mr. Dabble,” said Marvel, “could you be my guide to a merchant or dealer of the name of Bradly ? I understand he is of some repute in Dublin as a trader.”

“Some repute ! Yes ; he is of some repute, certainly.”

“You know him, then ?”

“ Know him ! Yes ; he slipped into the business of old George Marvel, I will not say how.”

“ Old George Marvel was my uncle.”

“ Hey ! was he ? Then you are the nephew of an honest man, and that’s no small distinction in this knavish world. — What became of your uncle’s property ? for he must have been rich.”

“ There was no one to look after it ; for I was young, and my father was dead, and we had no connexions in this country : so the property, whatever it was, fell into the hands of Bradly, who has delayed, from year to year, accounting for it, alleging the disturbed state of the country, and various other reasons.”

“ Sir, he will never account with you.”

“ Then I must appeal to the law.”

“ The law ! — ha, ha ! — the law ! I said you were a man of sense — but I am hasty, very hasty : it was an old infirmity of the Dabbles.”

“ I warned you, sir, you will recollect, that you were hasty in that particular.”

“ True, very true, you did so ! — the law — ha, ha.”

“ I should be glad, Mr. Dabble, to have your opinion of the law, for though I do not pretend

to sense; I make some pretensions to candour and teachableness."

"That's it — and these are good qualities, Mr. Marvel; but as to the law — the very principle of it is foolishness, and the practice is robbery. The law prevents a man from telling his own story, on the presumption that he will not tell the truth, and the honestest and most conscientious man in the kingdom will not be allowed to open his mouth in our courts of law in his own case; and if he do not happen to have a witness, he is without a remedy. They admit the most notoriously partial witnesses, and in estimating his evidence, allow for his partiality; why not do the same in the case of the principals? But the most ludicrous thing of all is, that they admit the evidence of principals in criminal cases, where the passions are most inflamed, while they reject it, where a few pounds may be the whole subject matter, upon, I know not what absurd pretext."

"I have never considered these subjects, Mr. Dabble, but your observations appear to me very just."

"You will consider them when you come to feel them, Mr. Marvel, as I have done, and you will then have a stronger perception of

their justice — but it would signify little to have the law administered upon reasonable principles, while it is so dear, that, however, excellent it may be, no man can purchase it without ruin. Sir, our law is a cruel mockery of the people; it is an oppression hardly to be borne. The fable of the two dogs quarrelling for the bone, is the drama, every day enacted in that theatre of public entertainment and private suffering, Westminster Hall, and I am mistaken if it be not worse in this unlucky country. The litigants are the fighting dogs, but the lawyers are the dogs that carry off the bone. The whole machinery of our jurisprudence seems intended solely for the profit of the lawyers and judges of all classes of the profession, high and low. They are like great spiders, that spread their nets in every path and walk of life, where the unwary multitude buzz and wrangle, and are strangled.”

“ This is very severe, Mr. Dabble, upon the corps of lawyers.”

“ Severe, sir, it is mildness and gentleness itself; only think of a man going to law to recover a small property; and the process of recovery costing him double the value of the property; as was my case — only think of that

great spider with the big wig, they call a Chancellor, and the corps of vermin that surround him, clerks, masters, and all, how they do suck the blood of the poor wanderers that fall into their nets ! and how they smile, and laugh, and are merry. Mine was a very merry case, and I calculated that every laugh cost me fifty pounds."

" Dear diversion, Mr. Dabble."

" Cursed dear, Mr. Marvel ; — but we will never be able to get to High Street with all this crowd."

They had, during this discourse, been making their way slowly through the narrow and crowded streets of the city.

" Aye, here it is," said Dabble, " here is your friend Bradly's establishment. I will now betake myself to my lodgings, and wait on you, perhaps, to morrow."

" I shall be glad to see you, sir. — You have saved Bradly, perhaps, from a law-suit."

" I have saved *you*, sir, I hope. — Good evening to you, Mr. Marvel."

The city within the walls exhibited a continuation of the bustle outside, and it was nearly dark when they arrived at the door of a large low house in High Street, with a dark, but

extensive shop, or store, where every thing that could be mentioned seemed exposed for sale.

Alderman Bradly (for he was an alderman) contrived to accommodate the Colonel in his household, though, as he stated, with great difficulty, his house being small, and his family, including clerks, very large. Notwithstanding this he carried his hospitality so far as to stow the sergeant into the angle of a lobby.

Aminadab Bradly accompanied Marvel's uncle, the late Bristol merchant, into Ireland, as his clerk, shopman, servant, and factotum; for old George Marvel was not only a retail grocer, but a merchant of extensive dealings. Aminadab, who had lived time out of mind with the old citizen, kept his books, attended the shop, cleaned his shoes and shop-windows, and performed all other services, high and low, which his master required. Old Marvel died a bachelor, before the Colonel's arrival in Ireland, and left, as it was thought, his whole property to his nephew, who was his only male relative. It is certain, however, that his nephew never touched a penny of this horde, whatever might be its amount; and that Aminadab could never find leisure to wind up the accounts of his honoured master. In the present disturbed times such a

thing could not be thought of, and unluckily all the times since the death of old George Marvel were disturbed.

In this fortunate interval of disturbance Aminadab rose rapidly into consequence, and was the most forward of the colonists in *disinterested* loyalty, and orthodox hatred of pope, popery, and Irishry.

Some lucrative contracts had raised old Marvel's shopman into great wealth, and wealth had made him an alderman. In process of time he got married; and, though rather an ancient man, his lady produced a son in due season.

Bradly's house consisted of a multitude of small dark rooms, with latticed windows, many of them being inner rooms, and lighted from the outer. A large bow-window hung over the the shop, in the fashion of the old houses at Bristol.

Marvel lost no time in making proper inquiries respecting his uncle's property, and was met by old Bradly's usual plea of disturbed and dangerous times.

“ Money ! — settlements of accounts in such times as these, Colonel ! Sure, sure, you must know something of the world, though you are

but a young man. Money ! — settlements of accounts ! — and the Irish enemy at the gates ! Your poor dear uncle understood the course of trade better.”

“ But, Mr. Bradly, how long am I to wait for this settlement ? ”

“ God only knows ! ” said the Alderman, “ when this distracted country will be at peace. ”

“ I am afraid, Mr. Bradly, so many persons have an interest in keeping it disturbed, that the period is indeed remote. ”

“ I fear so, too. It is the interest of the Irish to continue this war as long as they are able ; and their inclination, I think, always points in the same direction. They are a most pugnacious people naturally. ”

“ Nevertheless, I think they get less by war than our sober colonists. ”

“ God humbles the proud, and destroys the contentious. ”

“ But this property of my uncle’s, Mr. Bradly — I must insist on getting some account of it. I will apply to the Earl of Essex on the subject. I know it would have been useless to make any application to your friend Fitzwilliam. But Essex is a lover of justice. ”

“ Lord Essex ! Dear Colonel, sure you are

not serious? What can he have to do with old George Marvel's accounts of hardware and groceries?"

"Nothing; but he may find some means of persuading Alderman Bradly to be an honest man."

"Well, well, I will see what can be done about these accounts."

Part of this conversation took place one morning, while Alderman Bradly and the Colonel were on their way from High Street, to attend the Earl of Essex's levee. In their progress through Skinner-Row, they encountered various obstacles, and got at length entangled in a dense crowd, which was kept firmly wedged together by the eloquence and humour of a vender of birch-brooms.

"Brooms!" said the man; "excellent birch brooms! who'll buy my brooms? Look ye: these are right protestant birch: let him who would sweep popery from the land buy of me? We must make clean work of it, neighbours," continued the broom-seller. "It will not do to leave any of the old filth of popery amongst us. A clean sweep, I say, my lads. If Bagnal and Fitzwilliam had swept clean, we should not be now stowed up in this town as we are,

stifling one another. Who'll buy my protestant brooms?"

The orator of the brooms was a tall stout man, wearing a long cloak which covered his whole person. He had a dirty red bandage round his forehead, and a patch on one corner of his mouth. Marvel was compelled to listen to the harangue, by the impossibility of making his way through the crowd. He thought he knew the voice; and soon recollected that it was the very voice of the beggar he had met in the encampment outside the walls, some days before; the same figure and features, too, though he was now differently occupied, and disguised. While the Colonel was studying the broom-seller, Sergeant Haughton was employed upon the same subject; and even Alderman Bradly was going through a similar and more puzzled process of recognition, during which he twisted his wig in various wry directions, and scratched his bald head with great vehemence. But he succeeded in making out, that the protestant broom-seller had cheated him of a considerable sum a few days before, in the character of a merchant from Waterford. Haughton, at the same instant, recognised in this zealot of the reformation no other than Mortough M'Tierney, the pious

hermit and miracle-worker from Lough Darig. They both rushed upon him at the same moment; but their attack was diverted by the arrival of a train of carts laden with the sweepings of the streets, and accompanied by a troop of scavengers. There was a cry of "Make way; make way." — "Aye, make way," said Mortough, "these are my customers; true Protestants all, I warrant you;" and while he was exhibiting his orthodox brooms to these new customers, the Sergeant and the Alderman laid hands upon him.

Mortough easily shook them both off, at the same time crying out, "Friends! neighbours! a papist! a spy! Good people, help." But he wanted no help; for with one stroke of his broom he laid the Sergeant flat upon the pavement; and seizing the lumpish Alderman with one hand, by the waistband of his brown plush breeches, he flung him as he would one of his own broom-sticks, into a full cart of liquid mud collected from the kennels. The crowd shouted with delight; and the scavenger, entering into the joke, drove on his cart, in which poor Bradley was swimming for his life, his head just emerging above the nauseous mass every now and then, according as the movement of the cart

swayed the fluid. All this was accomplished in an instant, and the broom-seller was gone.

Marvel after some violent efforts succeeded in extricating the Sergeant, who was in great danger of being trampled by the crowd. With much difficulty he got him on his legs; and then proceeded to rescue the Alderman from his inodorous bath. The Sergeant was hardly less filthy than the Alderman, and both were compelled to return to Hight Street to refit, while the Colonel proceeded to the Castle.

He was struck, on approaching the Castle gate, with the unusual display of state there, and in the Castle yard. Chosen guards of the newly-arrived troops, cavalry and infantry, in superb dresses, occupied the gates. A battalion of grenadiers and some troops of horse guards lined the interior of the square. All the approaches to the Castle were blocked up with crowds of nobility and gentry, in various equipages, pressing forward to pay their court to the Queen's favourite.

Lord Essex received Marvel with the unaffected politeness of a man who was superior to the poor formalities of the station he occupied. He conversed largely and anxiously with him upon Irish topics, and received his proposition

of negotiation with the great Irish lords, very favourably.

“But my Lord,” said Marvel, “if this negotiation is to be conducted to a successful termination, permit me to advise, that it be managed with great caution, and even secrecy.”

“Why, secrecy?”

“Because, the most powerful party in Ireland, and they have powerful friends in England too, have the strongest interest in obstructing its success.”

“I know that; and I know how the party you speak of were able effectually to counteract all the efforts of honest Perrot, to do justice to this unlucky country; but I think, Marvel, they will find it hard so to deal with me.”

“My Lord, they do know that you are quite another person from Sir John Perrot, and must be assailed in a very different manner; but, believe me, they will not relinquish the attempt to embarrass you.”

“You know that I have come here with full powers, and with some experience, both civil and military; — I speak of these only as political instruments. Do you really think that fortified as I am at court, the immediate distributor of all profit and honour in Ireland; at the head of

the fine army I have brought over — with all this strength and advantage, I have any thing to fear from the party you speak of?”

“I am aware, my Lord, of the means you possess, and I admit that the party you will have to contend with are despicable, in so much as they are dishonest. My apprehensions arise only from the confidence you may so justly place in your own great advantages, and purity of intention; — and on the other hand, they spring from the knowledge I have, that your antagonists, for I may even now call them so, will not scruple to employ every engine of fraud, falsehood, and malice, which can be invented or devised.”

“I thank you, Colonel Marvel,” said Essex, “for your zeal, and I know that I can confide in you entirely; but we do not fear them. However, I shall use the caution you suggest respecting this negotiation, that you may be convinced I am not unteachable: — now, I must attend to the ladies.”

Saying this, Lord Essex proceeded to pay those gallant attentions to his female court, in which he shone so eminently. His address was frank and prepossessing; and his politeness, when he felt at ease, was not the condescension of

pride, but the natural overflowing of kindness of heart. His figure was tall, and finely proportioned, and his countenance open and manly. His complexion was of the sanguine character, and his cheeks wore the tint of the rose, and so delicately that the fair beauties of his court might envy the distinguished soldier this feminine loveliness. Practised as he was in courts, he had not conquered a variableness of countenance which is supposed to be a stranger there. He never lost his self-possession for an instant, but his face was observed to be occasionally flushed and suffused with a deep red, which was succeeded by a deadly paleness, not the effect of anger or passion, but arising out of petty circumstances of the moment. If any one presumed to notice these passing changes, the Earl instantly assumed a look of severity and pride, which announced a gathering storm, and for some time he wore upon his lip that lofty contempt and cold derision of those about him, which contributed almost as much as his generosity and good nature to make him enemies."

In a few days Marvel was invited to breakfast with the Lord Lieutenant. He found him alone. "We shall have no one with us, Colonel

Marvell," said Essex, "but Southampton, who will be here presently. Indeed, I doubt whether the lazy dog is out of bed yet. Pray tell me what is your opinion of this Irish prince O'Neil? You are acquainted with him I understand?"

"I have been, perhaps, better acquainted with O'Neil than any other Englishman, and yet I find it difficult to answer your Lordship's question. O'Neil is certainly an extraordinary man, and possesses talents and accomplishments of the very highest order; but he has many of the vices of his race."

"First, of his talents, Colonel; — is he the accomplished commander report speaks him?"

"Even more accomplished — report hardly does him justice; — he can lead an army, and create one; he is daring, and cautious, and both almost to excess?"

"What are his views?"

"As to these I can say nothing confidently. All my intercourse with him has not enabled me so to speak of his designs, so as to satisfy myself that I was right, or even that I had made a probable conjecture. O'Neil appears to me to watch events and circumstances as they arise,

and to shape his course very much accordingly. But he is a man that cannot be without some ultimate end in view."

"Now," said Essex, "you raise my admiration of this Irishman. He is such a man as I would choose for an ally, or an enemy; and he must be one or the other speedily. I have decided to march immediately into the north and to fight, or negotiate with him; — does that course meet your approbation?"

"Entirely."

"But for form's sake, we must submit the matter to the council, who will assemble immediately. I wish you to attend their discussions."

Southampton now arrived, and stated that the council were assembling.

"Southampton," said Essex, "I have been anxious to make Colonel Marvel known to you; who has the singular merit, in this knavish country, to be an honest man — his other merits you will discover yourself."

"But you thought," said Southampton, "I should never have been able to discover honesty. I am most happy to know Colonel Marvel, whom I already know by reputation somewhat."

"Why, I think," said Essex, laughing, "that there are certain qualities to be discovered

only by sympathy, and therefore it was necessary to mention to Southampton that the Colonel possessed the quality of honesty."

Southampton bowed. "I really begin to think, my Lord," said he, "that if I have this woful lack of honesty, I shall be all the better servant for your Lordship here. We will see at the council."

"It is even time," said Essex; "let us proceed thither."

"What is to be the subject of discussion to-day, my Lord?" said Marvel.

"Southampton will conduct you, Colonel, and tell you by the way, and I shall follow;" and he withdrew.

The council consisted of the Lord Chancellor, several of the judges, the legal officers of the crown, bishops, some noblemen, and a few city aldermen and magistrates, amongst whom was Marvel's friend, Bradly, and several military officers of rank. The subject of discussion was the measures to be first adopted by the new government. Essex sat at the head of the table, but did not seem inclined to interfere in the discussion. There was great difference of opinion as to whether the Lord Lieutenant should march first into the north, or towards

the south. The military men insisted strongly upon the expediency of marching northwards, without delay, and attacking O'Neil in his own territory. With such a commander, and such a force as they now possessed, success was certain; and if O'Neil were overthrown, the whole kingdom would submit; whereas if Lord Essex were to move southward, his army might be wasted in trifling affairs, and however great his success, the effect could not be important as long as O'Neil remained unbroken. This opinion was supported by the archbishops of Armagh and Tuam.

On the other side, it was urged by the Chancellor and others, that it was indispensable to march into Leinster, and clear the neighbourhood of the city of the hordes of rebels that infested it. It would be a short expedition, and would not materially delay the main enterprise against O'Neil, and would have the advantage of bringing the troops acquainted with the country, and the enemy's mode of fighting. If, on the contrary, Lord Essex were to march northward, the capital would be left exposed to the Leinster Irish, and might even fall into their hands.

The southern expedition was warmly supported by the whole body of citizens and lawyers. Alderman Bradly was no mean support to this side of the question, and Marvel was astonished to find that he was listened to with great attention, and appeared to have no small weight with the council. Finally, the question was put to the vote, when it was decided by a large majority that the southern expedition should be recommended to his Excellency.

After this it was proposed to discuss the expediency of treating with the Irish in arms; and at the instance of the Lord Lieutenant, Colonel Marvel was requested to favour the council with his opinion. Marvel stated it as a fact, within his knowledge, that the Irish chiefs were anxious to negotiate, and make peace on just terms; and at the same time, he stated, that they were well prepared for war, and could make it a long, obstinate, and sanguinary one. He recommended strongly the propriety of opening a negotiation, while the Irish were, probably, alarmed at the increased force, and still more terrified by the high reputation of their commander.

“We have heard enough, my lords, I think,” said the Chancellor, interrupting the Colonel,

“ upon this subject. The gallant officer advises that we should make no other use of our brave army and distinguished general, than to hold them out as a bait to entrap the simple Irish into a peace. My lords, the bait would not take: the Irish would construe your offers as proceeding from weakness or fear; they would begin to despise your army and your general, and would continue the war; or, if they made peace, it would be but a hollow truce, to be broken the first opportunity.”

“ If they make such constructions,” said Marvel, “ it is because you have taught them to do so, by never showing justice or humanity towards them but when fear was your motive. It is time to teach them other ideas of British government.”

“ Yes; they must indeed be taught,” said the Chancellor; “ but the sword must be their preceptor: this is the only effectual civilizer of this rude people.”

Marvel's was the only voice for peace in the council, and his proposition was scouted out of doors. Lord Essex and Southampton now rose, and the council was dissolved.

CHAPTER IV.

MARVEL took his way homewards in company with Aminadab Bradly. The conduct of the council was the subject of their conversation.

“How could you think, Colonel,” said the Alderman, “of making such a proposition? If you had told me what you intended to propose, I would have given you better advice.”

“And will you tell me, Alderman, why you think my proposition absurd?”

“Absurd! It was absurd, because no one would listen to it.”

“And why not?”

“Aye, aye, Colonel; are you so simple as not to know, that every man in that council had his private ends to answer; and that there was not one, I believe, but yourself, who was so silly as to think about public good, humanity, and such trumpery.”

“Perhaps not, Mr. Bradly. But did all their interests point to war? Was there no

one who had an interest in the peace of the kingdom?"

"Not one."

"And why, as you are in the secrets of the council, did they prefer marching into Leinster, rather than the north, which was certainly the most effectual mode of prosecuting the war?"

"Aye, aye, Colonel; but why should I let you into the secrets of the council?"

"For this reason, Alderman: that if you don't pay me my money, you ought, at least, to give me any useful information in your power."

"Why, yes, if you will take my information as an acquittance of the debt."

"I might, perhaps, take it as an acquittance of the delay."

"Well, well, that's something too. Now you are to know, that the Chancellor and some others of the honourable council have obtained, no matter how, very considerable estates in Leinster; and O'Moore, and some others of the Irishry, who happen to be the right owners, have contrived to get them back again just now. The Chancellor, therefore, and the rest, are impatient to be reinstated in these fruitful lands, you understand."

"I understand."

“ Others supported the same plan of operations, because they considered it the worst, and most likely to fail; and this was the most numerous party.”

“ You astonish me, Mr. Bradly. Can this be possible?”

“ You are a young man, Colonel, and don't know the world. Now, some of these folk there, who look down upon me and my honest profits, and crack a joke sometimes at my expense, don't scruple to give false advice in the Queen's council. Are they honester men?”

“ They are much more dishonest, I think, Mr. Bradly, even than you. But what interest can these persons have in the defeat and failure of their own cause?”

“ Sir, they are the enemies of Lord Essex, and of the system of government which, it is said, he means to pursue in Ireland. Lord Essex proposes to be the protector of the Irish, and the pacificator of the kingdom. Now that would put an end to forfeitures, the staple trade of this island; it would spoil the trade of the undertakers and adventurers, and I might myself shut up my shop, as there would be an end of contracts.”

“ All this is very interesting information.”

“ Aye, aye, Colonel; but there were a few more who acted merely at the dictation of the Queen’s confidential ministers in England, who are dutifully endeavouring to counteract her Majesty’s plans for the improvement of this kingdom, and to effect the downfall and destruction of her favourite servant, Essex. These don’t care much for our jobs or profits here; but their schemes fall in with our’s. And there are a few more still, who are the servants and representatives of O’Neil, and therefore concur with us in leading the Viceroy astray.”

“ Of O’Neil ?”

“ Aye, aye; the Northern Chief is never without some friends and agents in the council: he has the best information of what we are doing, or intending to do; and sometimes directs our operations, by managing the balance of interests.”

“ I am much obliged to you, Mr. Bradly, for your information, which is not a little curious.”

“ Aye, aye, but recollect, it is upon honour, and that I have betrayed none of the deliberations of the council; indeed, I have only stated what hundreds in this town know as well as I.”

“ I shall not use your information improperly.”

“ But I hope you will turn it to your own account. I would like to see the nephew of my old master making his way like a sensible man in the world. Nothing sets a man so much astray as high notions of honour, and such stuff; these fancies cut off the connexion between him and the real world around him, and he becomes like a man walking in his sleep, who neither sees nor comprehends any thing about him, but is entirely occupied with the visions of his own brain, and breaks his shins over every thing in his way.”

The bustle in Dublin was daily increasing by the constant arrival of the great lords and proprietors from distant parts of the island; and fête succeeded fête, and drawing-room followed drawing-room, with added splendour, at the Viceroy's court. Marvel was constantly an invited guest at Lord Essex's parties, though that nobleman seemed rather to avoid any further conversation upon Irish topics. Marvel did not seek to press the subject. And every serious occupation appeared to give place for a time to the magic of the revel and the festival.

All this, however, was understood to be only

preparatory to the marching of the grand expedition. Those splendid drawing-rooms were remarkable for the great number of beautiful young females presented to the noble Viceroy. Most of these were the daughters of the great lords of Anglo-Irish race, descended from a mixed line of English and Irish parents. Essex declared that he thought the universe could not furnish such specimens of beauty.

“Why, Colonel Marvel,” said Southampton, on one of these occasions, “this is a country of spells and enchantments; how have you kept your heart while you have been in Ireland?”

“My heart,” said Marvel, “has been bandied about strangely; and I can hardly tell in whose keeping it is now.”

“Mine,” said Southampton, “has been some such kind of shuttlecock, but I fear the dear delight of that oscillation is at an end.”

“Lost your heart, my lord.”

“Alas! alas! I fear so.”

“Pray, is the fortunate fair one in the room?”

“I expect she will be here, but she is not arrived yet.”

There was now a great bustle in the crowd, and Marvel’s attention was excited by a general buz of admiration. Southampton left his place,

and moved nearer to the Viceroy. At length the shining multitude gave way, and Marvel saw a young lady handed up the room by an elderly gentleman, apparently of high rank — it was Clara De Lacy.

This was an apparition he was not prepared for; and he was now sensible of a degree of emotion which excited his surprise almost as much as the cause of it.

Clara De Lacy was pronounced to be “passing fair” — the “fairest of the fair,” that had been presented on this day of beauty. She was the subject of general conversation, and it was strange, but true, that the praises of the admiring multitude gave no pleasure to Clara’s friend, the Colonel. He thought, indeed, that it was an odd circumstance that he should feel so much displeased with the admiration she excited. Nothing could be more natural than to admire what was so exquisitely beautiful; for Clara, timid, yet easy and natural, and glowing with the novelty of her situation, never looked, he thought, so lovely.

He left the drawing-room, and strolled into the streets — then grew uneasy, and returned again, and found Clara sitting on one of the benches, between Essex and Southampton, both

of whom appeared to pay her the most marked attention. After a while Essex left his seat to attend to other claimants upon his notice, and Marvel found means to occupy it.

He was received by his fair friend with the most lively and natural expression of pleasure, and she had so much to say of their friends at Glenfinin, so many scenes to retrace, and remembrances to nourish, that Southampton, finding he could get no share of the conversation, as it turned upon topics he was ignorant about, made his bow, and resumed his place near the Viceroy.

“ We have been in town,” said Clara, “ only a few days,” (in answer to the Colonel’s enquiries); “ and yesterday Lords Essex and Southampton honoured my uncle with their company to dinner.”

“ And how do you like these noblemen?”

“ They are both gentlemen in a new style to me, and are not simple enough for my taste ; — you know, I like simple things. I never could endure our gorgeous embroidery at the convent, with all its flaming contrasts and colours : now, these gentlemen bring our convent work to my mind constantly — they are perfect pieces of embroidery.”

“I hope you will long preserve the simplicity of your taste.”

“There is little danger of my losing it, Colonel.”

“But your coming to town was quite an unexpected thing, I presume?”

“Quite unexpected, and almost as unpleasant; but my dear aunt insisted upon my accompanying my uncle, though it almost broke her heart to part with me, and almost broke mine to part with her. Beside, my uncle had never been a favourite with me, and never, since I was saved from his grasp when young, took the least notice of me. Now, indeed, he is rather too kind and attentive. I know not why, but his motive, if it were a good one, would be strange for him.”

“It was your uncle who accompanied you into the drawing-room?”

“Yes. My cousin Godfrey was to have followed us to town, but notwithstanding my uncle’s entreaties and commands, he has not come. Godfrey likes to have his own way.”

Marvel learned that the Abbess at Glenfinin was much better than when he had left the valley; that sister Frances had become quite serious and sedate; and that Mrs. M’Ma-

hou kept her chamber, but was more tranquil and composed; and that M'Dermot had left the convent, but that his absence was not expected to be long.

In return for all this information, Clara enquired for Sergeant Haughton, and whether he was still the firm prop of the reformation he had been.

Hugh De Lacy, Clara's uncle, now rejoined his niece. She introduced Colonel Marvel as her aunt's friend. The Lord of Hi-Lacy bowed coldly, and said nothing; and Marvel took his leave of the lady.

Marvel felt more comfortable after this interview than before, and feasted upon it for some days before he ventured to wait upon Clara, at her uncle's, whose reception of him he did not like. At length he went, but Clara was not at home, nor her uncle. He was returning when he met Alderman Bradly, with whom he renewed his discourse upon the mysteries of Irish politics.

"Any news, Mr. Bradly, to-day?—You know our compact. What delays the marching of the army?"

"Aye, aye, that is what every one asks; and I could not comprehend it for some time myself.

But old Bradly is never long at getting to the bottom of things."

"Well, and you have found the cause of this delay — what is it?"

"Fair and softly, Colonel — there's a lady in the case."

"Oh, then we must take it gently: who ever doubted Alderman Bradly's delicacy and attention to the fair sex?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, Colonel, you make me laugh."

"Well, and who is the lady that has countermanded our expedition. I thought Essex's heart was in England?"

"Why, yes, but he may have an Irish heart you know in Dublin, to pass away the time with. But Southampton is the hero of this affair, though Essex is as deep in it as if it was his own. They are both playing all sorts of pranks about the lady."

"And who is she?"

"I have not made that out yet; but she is heiress of immense estates. Essex wishes to strengthen his interest in the country, by giving her to his favourite, and to catch the lady he has made Southampton master of the horse to-day, with splendid appointments."

“ Indeed !”

“ Aye, aye, this is the way this world wags. Essex has his object,— Southampton has his object,— and the lady’s object, I suppose will be accomplished too.”

“ The lady then is willing ?”

“ That’s not so clear.”

“ Is her family propitious ?”

“ Why, no ; report says, that her uncle would rather give the rich prize to his own son.”

“ Her uncle !”

“ Yes, her uncle — as I live, there goes the scoundrel who souced me in the dung cart.”

It was as Bradly said, Mortough M’Tierney himself, dressed as a porter, with a badge upon his arm, and carrying a load upon his shoulder. Bradly followed ; and Mortough quickened his pace. The Alderman ran ; and the porter darted down one of the narrow passages, in the rear of the Castle, followed by Aminadab. Marvel knew how vain it was to pursue Mortough, and therefore endeavoured to dissuade the toiling privy counsellor from the chase : but in vain : for Mortough never went out of sight, as he easily might have done, but just kept in a gentle trot at a short distance a head of his pursuer, as if he took pleasure in the race.

Marvel kept up with Bradly, lest any mischief should occur to him, for he doubted the purpose of the knavish pilgrim.

At length, after an hour's chase, they found themselves at one of the city gates, and just at this point they lost sight of Mortough. Bradly insisted he had passed the gate, which was guarded, though open, and declared his determination to follow him. "I could have even forgiven him," said he, "the money he cheated me of; but to fling an Alderman of Dublin into a dung cart, as you would a dead cat! — No, no, I will follow the rascal while I have a leg to stand upon."

"And how are you to overtake him, Mr. Alderman?" said the Colonel; for this fellow has an admirable pair of legs; and if you were even to get within a foot of him, I fear he would still have the best of it. Remember the dung-cart."

"Aye, aye; but there are soldiers here: 'tis hard if all these red-coats could not manage this fellow."

"Well, before we recommence our pursuit, suppose you were to rest here for a moment?"

Bradly agreed to this, and they sat down upon a bench where some soldiers were sitting,

for they were now in the midst of the encampment.

The day was fine, and the number of idlers in the encampment was less than on the last day Marvel had been here. At a short distance from him, on another seat, he observed a genteel-looking man, in coloured clothes, smoking a pipe, with a pint of ale before him on a small round table. There was an air of philosophy, or carelessness, about this person, which Marvel considered as indicating that happy kind of character that takes good and evil as it comes in the world, with the same ease and indifference.

The man laid down his pipe, and raised his pint of ale to his mouth with an appearance of great quietness and enjoyment. In doing this, he turned his face more towards Marvel. It was Captain Disney of the Yorkshire Rangers. The last time Marvel saw him was lying wounded on the field outside the walls of Armagh, when O'Moore had scattered their little army.

"Hey, Marvel! is it you? By my life, Colonel, I am glad to see you."

"My dear Disney," said Marvel, "who could have thought of meeting you here? I

imagined you had been in the hands of the Irish."

"The Irish rogues forgot me upon the field, and the honest men of England have forgotten me here, I think; but I console myself with my pipe, and glass of ale."

"You were never given to discontent, Disney."

"No use in it, Colonel. Have you seen the musicians?"

"What musicians?"

"A couple of famous Italians who are strolling about the camp and the neighbourhood, and who are first-rate fellows certainly, both musically and otherwise. But here they come."

During this conversation Marvel had quitted the seat he occupied next to Bradley, and removed to Disney's bench. The latter now finished his ale, and taking Marvel by the arm, "You must hear these fellows, Colonel," said he; "they are really charming."

The musicians were surrounded by a crowd of well-dressed persons, officers, citizens, and ladies. They played several of the choicest Irish airs with exquisite feeling and effect.

"I should rather think them Irish than Italian," whispered Marvel, "if their execution

were not much superior to any of our strolling bards. I should like to hear some Italian music from them."

"Listen, then," replied Disney, "and you will be gratified."

It was one of the finest pieces of Italian music which was now played, and with equal skill and *gusto* as the Irish.

"These are no ordinary musicians," said Marvel, when they had concluded. "Who can they be?"

"They are very genteel-looking fellows," replied Disney, "and have an air of dignity and loftiness about them; but these foreigners are often so, when they have not a *maravedi* in their pockets."

The younger musician now went round the crowd, bowing low, and holding out a little tambouret for the donations of the crowd.

The ladies were particularly liberal, captivated by the grace and beauty of the solicitor, as well as by his music. One of these, dressed with particular elegance and plainness, reached out her hand, and placed a piece of gold on the little instrument. The musician bowed low, and smiled. That smile! it was like a ray of light, shining suddenly, and but for an instant,

upon a dark object ; and then shut out, — but revealing in that moment an indistinct and confused idea of its form. But he had not time to pursue the idea ; the lady engrossed all his attention. It was Clara De Lacy, leaning upon the arm of her uncle. He endeavoured to approach her ; but the crowd was now in motion, and they were separated.

In this attempt he lost Disney ; but the blue feather in Clara's bonnet was still in view, and he continued to press towards it. He was stopped by a strong gripe upon the shoulder, which fixed him to the spot. Marvel turned about in a rage. It was the porter with the badge.

“ Why do you stop me ? ”

“ Keep a sharp eye upon Clara De Lacy : she is in danger.” Mortough was gone again, refusing to say a word more, and merely putting his finger on his mouth as he disappeared, in answer to Marvel's intreaties.

But now Clara was gone also, and he was in despair. He made the circuit of the encampment, and found himself nearly where he had left old Bradly. Here a great multitude were assembled, and there was noise and shouting round a lofty elm that shaded the spot.

Marvel stopped to see what was the matter.

“Hallo-a, Colonel, said a voice in the crowd, see how they ferret the old one.” It was the voice of his acquaintance, Davy Dabble. The old gentleman was speedily at his side, and pointed to a man half concealed by the leaves on the topmost branches of the tree.

A grenadier of Grey’s regiment stood under the tree with a pike, ten feet long, and was amusing the crowd, by prodding the feet of the poor wretch above, and making him skip among the branches.

“How did he get there?” said Marvel.

“Not by his activity, but his fear, I believe,” said Dabble. “What a kind-hearted animal a mob is. They have driven that poor old creature up there at the point of the pike, prodding him as he went, till the blood trickled down the tree; and only because he is a Jew, as they say.”

“Sir,” said a man in the crowd, “that is cause enough, I think, for worse treatment; but this old Jew has actually killed and eaten his own daughter.”

“If he has done this, why is he not put in prison, and tried for the murder?”

“That’s no business of mine,” said the man.

Marvel was compelled to leave the poor

culprit in the hands of his self-elected judges, for he saw Clara's blue feather, and the musicians again in the distance. Before he went, however, he recommended the unlucky Jew to the compassion of Davy Dabble, who promised to remain near the tree, and see fair play done. The Italians had now a more distinguished auditory. Lords Essex and Southampton, accompanied by a train of officers, were listening to their performance.

Essex received Marvel with great cordiality, and asked his opinion of the music. Marvel replied, "that nothing could be finer. It was so good, that he doubted if these persons were not of higher rank than they professed, and acting a part for amusement or design."

"You think they are not Italians?"

"I suspect they are not."

"We will try that presently."

After the musicians had concluded, and while the younger was making his collection in the crowd, Essex rode up to the elder, and entered into conversation with him in the Italian language. The musician spoke it with rapidity and correctness; and the Viceroy, greatly pleased, put a piece of gold into his hand, and desiring that he would call on him at the castle, turned

round and dismounted, while he paid his respects to Clara De Lacy and her uncle. As he passed Marvel, he said, "Are you satisfied now, Colonel? The language is perfect, the costume is quite in keeping, and the olive complexion, bushy eye-brows, and whole outline of the face are all of Italy."

"I must have been mistaken," said Marvel, "no doubt."

Marvel did not mingle in the group that now encompassed Clara De Lacy, but kept his eye anxiously upon them, endeavouring, if, by any means, he could divine the meaning of Mortough's caution. After a variety of gallant compliments and pointed observations, Lord Essex rode off, taking with him Sir Harry Blount and his military train, while Southampton remained with De Lacy and his niece. As Essex rode away, he beckoned Marvel to him again. "What's the matter about that tree, yonder, Colonel? They seem to have got a squirrel in the branches; have you such animals in this country?"

"I believe not, my Lord; if that be a squirrel it is one of a large size."

As they approached the tree, Mr. Dabble met Marvel. "I have obeyed your orders,

Colonel, and have saved the old Jew from some annoyance; but I have not succeeded in prevailing with this most christian rabble to suffer him to descend from his perch, though I am greatly apprehensive he will shortly descend by the shortest possible line. The old man is fatigued, and will drop off the tree."

Essex now called the soldiers about him, and enquired what the man had been guilty of to deserve such torture. He was informed that the old man went by the name of Abraham the Jew, and was a notorious cheat, and had no doubt come to the camp to defraud the soldiers, as he had frequently before defrauded the government.

"Well, you have had your revenge; let him down now, and we will examine into the matter; but in the mean time, how have you come to the knowledge of these delinquencies of his?"

"Please your Excellency, we were informed of all the matter, and of his poisoning his own daughter, and other shocking things, by a poor man, whom he cheated of his whole subsistence, a ticket-porter of the town, with a badge on his arm."

"Order the man down."

The old Jew descended accordingly, slowly,

but with more vigour than was expected. At length he reached the ground, and exhibited to the astonished beholders the torn and disfigured person of Mr. Alderman Bradly, merchant, chapman, and privy counsellor of Dublin.

This discovery set Essex laughing with all his might, and though Marvel had much compassion for the old man, he found it difficult to keep a grave countenance. The crowd caught the infection of the great man's merriment, and the laughter became general. But Mr. Davy Dabble was the most riotous of all in his mirth. He roared and shouted with the exuberance of his enjoyment. "A Jew! a Jew! a very Jew!" said Dabble; "Oh! what a mercy that the fate of Absalom did not overtake the usurer, and worse than usurer. Oh! wisest of wags. Oh! juster than Daniel who condemned the Jew to the tree. Who art thou, that coming from the east I may seek thee, and do thee honour, in this western land?"

"Mr. Dabble, I believe I know the person; and you may take my word he would be a dangerous acquaintance," said Marvel.

"No matter, sir, no matter; I hate your insipid people, in whose society you are so safe

and so weary. Oh, introduce me by all means to this judge of Israel ! I will point out to him how he may exercise his wit, and his judgment to the general benefit of mankind."

This adventure which Mortough had contrived, annoyed Marvel greatly, for he had now entirely lost sight of Clara de Lacy and her party, and he was compelled by his sense of humanity to accompany the discomfited Alderman home ; indeed, the latter, terrified and shocked by the noise of the crowd, and the denunciations of Davy Dabble, would not quit hold of his arm for an instant.

As they were entering Bradley's shop, a man passed wrapped up tightly in a large cloak, which covered his whole person. "Don't be alarmed," said the man in a low tone, "the danger is passed ; but be at the next ball at the Castle, and have help at hand."

It was Mortough ; and before Marvel turned round, he was striding away with amazing velocity. The Colonel, however, was consoled, and could now join in the joke of the elm tree ; and amuse himself with asking the privy councillor various *simple* questions, which the other answered very gruffly ; as to the effect of altitude of position on the nerves, the appetite, &c. &c."

CHAPTER V.

Miss De Lacy was safe at Lacy-house; but Marvel found all his efforts to obtain an entrée there steadily resisted; he saw her therefore only in public, and chiefly at the parties at the Castle. It was now announced that a grand masked ball would conclude the festivities at court, and that the army would march immediately after this gala. While preparations were going on for the fête, on a great scale, the Lord Lieutenant had private and select parties every day; and Colonel Marvel, after having been neglected for some time, found himself once again a favoured guest, at the Viceroy's suppers. But he was not a little surprised to find that the Italian musicians enjoyed the same distinction; not in their capacity as musicians, but as guests.

“Allow me, Colonel,” said Essex, “to introduce Signor Compostelli to you, (on the first occasion he met him at supper,) and Signor

Morelli, who is unfortunately dumb, though he is compensated for this privation by the power he exercises over instrumental sounds. Signor Compostelli, Colonel, has traversed this country in every direction, he has been through bog, and mountain, and morass, and gleaned useful knowledge as he went. He knows more of Ireland than our entire privy council ; and having no private interest to warp his opinion, I am able to depend both upon his judgment and integrity. I talk freely of him, for he understands English very imperfectly, and speaks only Italian."

"No doubt, my Lord, useful information may be sometimes derived from very humble sources," said the Colonel ; "but before your lordship takes these strangers to your confidence, I hope you will have satisfied yourself that you can depend upon their fidelity. Strangers like these are open to be corrupted, and may betray our council."

"True, Marvel ; I give you credit for your caution, but I have provided against all that. I want but the information they are masters of, and I will make it their interest to be faithful. Southampton has been lecturing me in the same strain. But I have always found that there is

a vast mass of rich intelligence to be met with in the humbler paths of life, if we would stoop to look for it there ; it is an ore that would fill a prince's exchequer frequently, if he would condescend to soil his fingers with the vulgar dross in which it lies imbedded. I have no aristocratic scruples of the kind. My principle is to effect my purpose, by any and by every honourable means that fortune offers.

“Southampton and I do not agree upon these points, nor perhaps you.—Well, I cannot help you gentlemen — but to our supper.”

Marvel, though invited to sit down, continued standing, and gazing intently on the face of Compostelli, he did not know why. He was lost in a kind of reverie. Essex, observing that he did not obey his invitation to sit, and mistaking his motive, called to him again to dismiss his scruples, and forget his dignity for a while, or he should be under the necessity of knighting Signor Compostelli that Colonel Marvel might take his supper in comfort.

Marvel laughed at this threat, and assured him that his abstraction was owing to some odd effect which the Italian's features had upon him, and which he could not account for.

“It would be too much,” said Essex, “if

our Signor possessed the same power of fascination with the countenance, that he does with his violin."

At length they sat down seriously to supper, and Essex continued to discourse alternately on music and politics. The Italian seemed perfect master of both subjects, and showed such acquaintance with persons and things in Ireland, that Marvel's surprize at Lord Essex' conduct towards him, was somewhat diminished. From Irish they digressed to Italian and continental politics, and here again the stranger showed himself a master, and displayed such views of parties and circumstances, as filled his noble host with delight, and the rest of the company with astonishment.

Essex did not conceal his admiration of the Italian. "It was a shame," he said, "that a man of his abilities should be condemned to grind music for the ears of the vulgar; even his music was too good for the crowd. But delightful as that was, Compostelli had a genius beyond it; and it would not, he declared, be his fault, if the Italian did not find his proper place in the world."

Compostelli bowed, and made his acknowledgements with a grace and modesty that showed

he was not unacquainted with the voice of praise, and had a head able to bear it. Essex now brought back the conversation to Irish affairs, and asked Compostelli a number of questions, with a view to obtain his opinion upon the various plans of military operations which were then in discussion in all companies. The Italian showed much reserve upon this topic, professing his total incompetency to form an opinion which might be worthy the notice of the renowned Captain, whose fame as a soldier filled all Europe.

But upon being pressed, he said, that "if he might presume to hazard an opinion, he would advise his Lordship to strike at the great Northern Chief, *"toto corpore regni,"* and without delay." As he said this, his dark eye seemed to flash upon Essex with extraordinary brightness, as if he would search his very soul. Essex did not notice this piercing examination; he was too deeply engaged with his own thoughts. But Marvel and Southampton both felt its force, and started with surprize at the scrutiny which the Italian had the hardihood to venture upon the Viceroy; and in which he assumed, for an instant, almost the air of a superior.

Essex continued to muse. At length he said :
“ Yes ; you are right. I know it. But the council have determined otherwise, and I feel some reluctance to act in the outset of my government with apparent contempt of their opinion.”

The eye of the stranger was now enlarged with an expression of pleasure, and his whole countenance assumed a glow of satisfaction. “ If I indulge these gentlemen of Dublin with a short expedition to the south,” continued Essex, “ it cannot greatly delay or embarrass our northern march afterwards. We cannot encounter much resistance southwards, I should think. What is your opinion ?” The Italian now changed his line of operations, and seeming to enter into the Viceroy’s views ; he went into a masterly detail of the difficulties and the advantages of both plans ; and though he still gave the preference to the northern march, yet the whole bearing of his argument was in favour of the southern expedition.

Essex noticed this, and said : “ I am satisfied, Compostelli, with your reasoning, but not so well with your inference. However, that does not matter. You have certainly relieved me from some doubts and difficulties which I

had. Circumstances have occurred which made me wish, if I could do it safely, not to act in opposition to the opinion of the council." The conversation now took another and less interesting turn, and the party soon rose, the Italians and the Viceroy appearing to be the only satisfied persons of the company.

The next evening brought the masked ball, the preparations for which had for several days put all Dublin in a bustle. This kind of ancient revel, in which lords and ladies condescend to become bad actors, for the purpose of enjoying the licence of the stage, was better understood in Elizabeth's reign than now, when a greater mixture and mingling of society have polished and smoothed away the strong lines of character. The masked ball might have descended from the Saturnalia, as the carnival and other similar amusements have done. This of Dublin was fully equal to the noise of its announcement. The city was illuminated throughout by order of the Lord Mayor, and the mob in the streets took a full share of the licence which their superiors at the Castle were preparing to enjoy. The masqueraders were compelled to step out of their vehicles to answer the interrogatories of Punch, and frequently to pay tribute to this ancient

potentate. At the Castle gates there was an imposing display of horse and foot-guards, and the hall of entrance was thronged with servants, in splendid liveries of gold and crimson.

Marvel took his way on foot, through all this retinue of state, shrouded in a brown domino. When in the Castle-yard, he reconnoitered it with great care, and found Haughton at his post, and all his directions obeyed to his entire satisfaction. Haughton said, that he had fourteen men, whom he had picked up in Dublin, of their old soldiers of the Tenth, upon whom he could entirely depend; that these were properly posted in various positions in the yard, and ready to act upon a concerted signal.

“I suspect that waggon, yonder,” said the sergeant, “for I have peeped into it, and find it fitted up for other travellers than soldiers; there are crimson silk cushions in it, and some costly cloaks; and I have discovered that in the stable near which it stands, there are four good horses ready harnessed.”

“You are right, Haughton, these are sure marks; if it is as we suppose, let the waggon take you and your men along with the lady, wherever it goes. Is my horse ready?”

“Jarvis has got it in that dark corner, over.”

“’Tis all well.”

Marvel, satisfied with his arrangements, now proceeded to the scene of the revel. As he passed under the portico, a tall servant in state livery whispered in his ear, “don’t lose sight of the waggon.” It was Mortough once again, and now with great propriety in masquerade. But how he had managed this metamorphosis Marvel could not imagine.

The great room was richly and tastefully ornamented; and as it was late when Marvel entered, it was tolerably full of company. Notwithstanding the event which was impending, (of whatever nature it might be,) Marvel had no small curiosity to observe, how his friend Alderman Bradly and his lady supported their dignity of sultan and sultana.

The privy counsellor had been persuaded by Mrs. Bradly, that it would be proper, and expected, that they should both attend the Lord Lieutenant’s ball, and of course go in character. What the character was to be, was the question. Marvel settled this knotty point, by suggesting, that nothing could suit the Alderman better than the dignity and taciturnity of a Mahomedan sultan. He would have abso-

lutely nothing to do or say. This was exactly what the Alderman wanted, nor did he object to the magnificence of the character, upon this condition of silence and inaction. Nor did Mrs. Bradly make any great objection; for though neither of the conditions were altogether to her mind, she was consoled by the splendour of the costume of royalty.

Amongst the crowd of insipid persons, and poor attempts, which were to be met with at a masked ball, even in Elizabeth's days, there were some specimens of fine and spirited acting. Marvel soon met the Alderman and his Sultana, both arrayed in splendid robes of white silk, embroidered with silver, and wearing turbans of the same material, surmounted with silver crescents. Bradly walked very composedly under his load of state, looking as grave and vacant as majesty can be supposed to be. While Marvel was considering these two august figures with admiration, another Turk approached, but of a different rank. He was a Turkish slave. The slave no sooner spied their majesties than he made the profound obeisance of the East, putting both his hands to the forehead, and bowing low.

“ Father of the faithful, cousin of the sun

and moon," said the slave, "I lick the dust beneath your feet;" and prostrating himself, he touched the ground with his forehead.

"Mr. Bradly," said the Sultana, "Mr. Bradly, the man is making game of us; I won't endure it, indeed, I won't."

"You forget our new relations, my dear," said the Alderman.

"New relations, Mr. Bradly!" said the angry lady; "I never liked new relations. I like one's own family."

The slave raised his head with infinite humility. "Sublime sultan," said he, "in whose tabernacle is wine, and oil, and honey; whose treasures are the fruits of the earth, whose ——"

"Mr. Bradly, I say, now Mr. Bradly, if you have any spirit of a man in you, you will not endure this insult. Is this a place to talk to people of their trade, and throw their wine, and oil, and fruit, in their faces? I won't bear it, Mr. Bradly."

The Alderman wished himself fairly out of the room, and rid of his regal dignity. But like other embarrassing distinctions, it was not so easily put off. A crowd had collected about their royal majesties and their slave, and were enjoying the scene with the utmost delight.

Bradly, though he understood his wife's mistake concerning the sun and moon, yet this allusion to his trade, (as he took it to be,) touched him sorely, and he entered into all his spouse's feelings.

"Sir," said he to the slave, who still continued prostrate on the ground, "if you were a gentleman, you would not treat me in this manner of way, sir. If I am a grocer, sir, I am a privy councillor too, and I would have you to know that I could, perhaps, produce, on a pinch, more of the *ready*, than some that hold their heads highest here."

"Your slave holds his head to the earth," replied the stranger, "that you may place your august foot upon it, and he is ready to suffer all pinches and torments which it may please the descendant of the prophet to inflict."

"'Tis all fudge," said the grocer: "I don't like this."

"'Tis scandalous usage," said the Sultana, "to be mocked as we are. I will complain to Lord Essex himself."

A bellman now arrived in the circle round their Mahomedan majesties, and rang his bell violently. This attracted most of the company in the room.

“What is that brute doing with his bell there?” said Mrs. Bradly: “aren’t we exposed enough?”

“O yes! O yes!” said the bellman, “this is to give notice, that Sultan Mamoud retires forthwith from the cares of royalty to the comforts of private life; and if any one can give notice of any one good act performed by the said Sultan, whether as grocer, usurer, alderman, privy councillor, or in any other capacity whatsoever, he shall be richly rewarded, and shall have his name inscribed in letters of gold on the first leaf of the sacred Koran of Mecca.”

Poor Mrs. Bradly’s anger now dissolved into tears, and she sobbed with vexation at this announcement of their various rank and occupation. “Who could think,” said she, “that one could be exposed and insulted in such a place as this?”

“You have only,” said Marvel, stepping forward to the relief of the royal pair, “incurred some of the inconveniences of royalty. — There are many mortifications round a throne, beside this of broad exposure to the public gaze.” — He led them to a seat, and having somewhat consoled their disconsolate majesties, he stepped out to reconnoitre his positions in

the Castle-yard. Every thing remained as before ; and he returned to the ball-room to resume his search for Clara De Lacy, whom he had not yet met with.

On his return, he was attracted by the ringing of the bell a second time ; and approaching the crowd, which it had collected, he found that the town-crier had taken his position near the two Italian musicians, and was proclaiming aloud, “ O yes ! O yes ! if there be any person in this assembly who can give any account or information of the birth, parentage, objects or pursuits, of certain strangers professing themselves Italians, and following ostensibly the trade of music, he shall be duly rewarded by the council of the loyal corporation of Dublin.”

This announcement was received with a murmur of disapprobation by some of Lord Essex’s courtiers, who stood near. Others of the crowd clapped their hands to testify their applause. The Italians appeared unmoved, though every eye was turned upon them. The younger only, with a slow and deliberate movement, opened his vest of embroidered black velvet, and drew out a dagger, whose highly-polished blade flashed in the eyes of the by-standers. The handle was curiously wrought, and ornamented

with emeralds. The Italian surveyed his dagger slowly, from the hilt to the point, then cast a rapid glance at the bellman, and replaced it in his bosom.

“Ha ! ha !” said the town-crier, “is it so ? Egad, I believe that is an instrument which our musicians can play upon as sweetly as the cat-gut. There is no reason, though, why I, who am but a town-crier, should get my throat cut in warning those who will not be warned ; so, my gentle master of melody, I will even let you alone.”

“What ! Mr. Town-crier,” said a voice in the crowd, “are you deserting your duty, and most honourable vocation, of giving notice to her Majesty’s subjects when danger is near ?”

“Truly,” said the town-crier, “I have performed my duty ; and that foreign gentleman has made use of such a brilliant argument against further meddling upon my part, that I have been convinced. I never resist an argument that might stick in my ribs.”

The bellman marched off ; and Marvel, not a little curious to know who he might be, followed to observe him. But his attention was drawn off by meeting an object of more interest, Clara De Lacy, whom he had so long sought in vain.

Clara was sitting in a retired part of the room, without mask or assumed character of any kind; her uncle sat beside her, and Southampton was standing conversing with both. Marvel thought it best to take a position at some distance, where he could observe the parties, without being himself visible.

Late as it was, he sat quietly at his post for nearly an hour, before any thing occurred. The parties merely rose, and walked a little now and then, without mingling with the company, and again returned to their seats. At length a servant entered the room, and going directly to De Lacy, said something in a low voice. De Lacy instantly accompanied the servant out of the room, and Southampton took his seat beside Clara. A few minutes passed, and another servant entered, and delivered Clara a message from her uncle, as Marvel understood it to be. Clara rose, and Southampton offering her his arm, they left the room together. — Marvel followed.

“The light was dim by this time in the Castle-yard; most of the lamps having, by accident or design, been extinguished. Marvel, however, saw that Miss de Lacy accompanied Southampton with reluctance, stopping several

times to speak or remonstrate. At length, he led her to the waggon, to which four horses were now attached, having two drivers or postillions."

"It is very dark here, my Lord," said the lady, "and very wet under foot; why could not this vehicle have drawn up to the portico?"

"I know not by what awkwardness it was placed here," said Southampton; "pray, do step in; the rain is beginning to come down, and you will get wet."

"Indeed, I don't like this darkness, and all these people. What can my uncle mean by this?"

"Here is a light, Miss De Lacy, coming from the upper yard, I hope you will now have no objection."

A servant was seen coming from under the archway, which divides the upper and lower Castle-yard, with a lighted torch. He came towards the waggon, which stood in the south angle of the lower yard, opposite the gateway, and asked if Miss De Lacy was yet gone, as a second message had arrived at the Castle from her uncle, requiring her to join him instantly.

"Well," said the lady, "it is surprising—but I will go;" and she stepped into the waggon.

Southampton shut the door. The waggon was constructed to accommodate a number of soldiers on the roof, and at both ends.

"Is all right, Leslie?" said Southampton to a soldier in undress, who sat in the front of the waggon.

The soldier nodded. At this instant, the servant from the Castle accidentally extinguished his torch, and the whole party were in total darkness. A number of soldiers in undress, had for some minutes been drawing round the waggon, and now suddenly sprang upon the roof, and into the seats in front and rear. The number appeared much too great for the waggon to accommodate, and there was great jostling amongst them. Many were pushed off and fell upon the pavement."

"How is this," said Southampton; "what is all this confusion?"

"Drive on," said Leslie; and the postillions set off at full speed.

CHAPTER VI.

It had rained in torrents for several hours; the interval during which Miss de Lacy crossed the Castle yards was but a momentary cessation, and now again the rain threatened a deluge. The lights were everywhere extinguished in the city; and there were no lamps in Elizabeth's reign, in Dublin. The waggon therefore travelled in total darkness. Marvel accompanied it on horseback, and could discover by the sound, and sometimes by contact, that he had two mounted companions, at least.

After about two hours journey through wet, dirty, and broken roads, the waggon stopt at a small house of neat appearance; and one of the horsemen dismounting, opened the waggon-door, and invited Miss de Lacy to alight."

"Where is my uncle?" said the lady.

"Your uncle is in this house, madam, I believe."

"I must see him, sir, before I enter it or leave this seat."

“My orders, madam, are to see you safely lodged in this house. I am but a soldier, and must obey my orders.”

“You ought not, sir, though a soldier, to be without the feelings of a man towards an unprotected female.”

“I would do you no injury, lady; and I am sure that none is intended. — I must obey my orders.”

“Alas! alas! and is there no one would be a friend to poor helpless Clara?” said the despairing girl.

“Clara is in the midst of friends,” said a horseman, riding up to the door of the waggon.

“Stand out of the way, soldier.”

“Oh, sir,” said Clara, “enquire if my uncle is here indeed.”

The door of the house had been opened, and several persons with lights were standing in the passage looking on.

“Young woman,” said Marvel to one of these, who looked like the mistress of the mansion, “is my Lord De Lacy in your house?”

“No, sir,” said the woman; “but we have been ordered to receive a young lady here for the night.”

“Who gave you those orders?”

“Don’t tell, Kate, you ——,” said a gruff voice from the inside.”

“I can’t tell, sir,” said Kate, courtesying.

“Stand away from that door, soldier,” said Marvel, turning round and seeing the dragoon still holding the door of the waggon, “and close it.”

“Sir,” said the soldier, “I don’t know who you are, but I can obey no orders but my own officer’s. This waggon and this lady are now in my charge, and must obey me.”

“In that you are mistaken, friend. Haughton, desire the postillions to drive on.”

“The postillions won’t stir, sir; and if they did, it would not matter, as my Lord Southampton is coming on with two troops of horse.”

“Drive on, my lads,” said Haughton, who had personated Leslie, a Scotch trooper whom he contrived to make drunk; drive on, my lads.”

“Don’t stir, Jem,” said the horseman in the rear of the waggon.

“Jem,” said Haughton, “if you don’t go on alive, you must go off dead. Soldiers present.”

Jem, who rode the leading horse, looked about and saw all the soldiers on the waggon with their arms presented at his head.

He looked at the postillion behind him.— Hey, Mick? — The rear postillion nodded, and off they set at full speed.

They had not proceeded far when the cavalcade was hailed by a loud voice upon the road side—"Stop: who commands the vehicle?"

Marvel ordered the waggon to halt, and invited the stranger to state his business.

"We are in danger," said Mortough (for it was he); Lord Southampton is coming on with a large handful of cavalry; and though I have set people on the road to lead him *right wrong*, or a little round about, any how for the benefit of his health this fine night; still we must not trust to that Colonel."

"Well, Mortough, since I have got your help some how or other in this business, how am I to act?"

"Why, you are just to do what I tell you."

"And what will you condescend to tell me to do?"

"Are these men about the waggon all our own?"

"No, the two drivers and two dragoons are Southampton's men."

"Troth, that thick-headed sergeant managed it very well, after all; but we must get rid of

these fellows, twist the postillions off the horses, and send the dragoons to the right about."

"I don't know," said Marvel, "if any of our men can drive."

"Tut, no matter, we have not far to go. I'll ride the leader myself a bit; put any one behind, he need only follow his nose."

Mortough's directions were instantly obeyed; the drivers were dismounted, and the dragoons disarmed, and ordered to get quickly to the rear. When these men were gone, Mortough mounted, and the cavalcade set forward again. Mortough changed his direction frequently as if with a view to baffle pursuit, and at length stopped upon the border of a wood. The moon had now risen, and the rain had ceased, and the masses of clouds showed some chasms, admitting a cold and doubtful ray to be thrown upon this landscape of a winter's night.

The waggon stood upon the edge of a wooded precipice. "Now, Colonel," said Mortough, "the lady must get out, and all these Saxon gentlemen must take up their quarters in the wood, and find their way back to Dublin in the morning as they can. Do you guide the lady, and I will lead you."

“How shall we dispose of the waggon and horses, Mortough?”

“Oh, don’t trouble your head about them, honey. I have some acquaintances near at hand, who will save you the labour of looking after them.”

“Miss De Lacy had recognised Colonel Marvel, and committed herself now to his care without hesitation. She did not speak, but gave him her hand as he opened the door of the waggon; when she was on the ground, she took his offered arm, and they proceeded in silence, Mortough leading the way.

They descended rapidly through narrow and tangled paths, winding down the wooded side of a steep hill. The dim light of the moon showed that they were in a narrow glen, where a foaming torrent was hardly visible through the tangled branches of trees meeting from the opposite hills, and spreading a leafy arch over its current. Its noise was like that of subterranean thunder shaking the hills. It required great caution to walk in these path-ways, which were soaked with rain, and where the least false step might precipitate the traveller into the gulf below, unless arrested in his descent by

the trees or briars. It was the Glen of the Dargle.

After a painful march of about half an hour, they arrived, wet and tired, at a lonely cottage which occupied a small platform of land on the declivity, and occupied it so completely, that it was with extreme difficulty an entrance could be achieved. When close to the cottage, they had to descend abruptly below it, and then to reascend by a steep and broken path, if path it could be called, to the door. This, however, was at length effected, and Mortough stood at the door; for only one person, and that with much difficulty, could stand there when the door was shut.

Mortough called and rapped gently, but there was no answer: then louder: no answer still. He stopped to listen. There was a voice inside, though a feeble one, as of one singing or crying.

"Anam 'an deel," roared Mortough, "open the door. Donough, I say, Donough, open the door."

"Who disturbs the sleep of my poor boy?" said a feeble voice from the inside.

"Open the door, mother Cavenagh,"

shouted Mortough, "in God's name, and let us in!"

"My boy is dead!" said the voice. "Oh, woe is me! my boy is dead! The door of Donough's poor cabin was never closed against the way-farer when he was living, and must not now when he is dead."

The door was opened by a woman bent double with age and poverty. "Is it you, Mortough?" said she. "I did not know your voice, Mortough. God help me! I know nothing now! Donough is dead! My boy is dead, Mortough!"

There was a dim light in the cottage, proceeding from the dying embers of a wood fire, which showed indistinctly the outline of this desolate abode. There was no division, or second apartment; and the only furniture were some long spars, or poles, and a few blocks of timber. On a bed of heath, near the fire-place, was stretched the body of a man, partially covered with a torn blanket. The head was veiled with a black handkerchief. The old woman did not notice the number or quality of the party as they entered, but resumed her seat on a block of wood near the body of the dead

man, where, probably, she had been sitting before their entrance.

“Son of the last of the Cavenaghs,” said the old woman, addressing the dead body before her, “the Saxons have triumphed, but the day of vengeance will come ! The fire and the sword will consume them in their turn, and they will be eaten up ! My boy was like the young deer upon the wooded mountains. His figure was beautiful to look upon. He threw his head on high, and delighted in the fresh breeze of the hills. He dwelt by the brook side, and by the declivity of the mountains where his fathers had lived ! The poor-spirited Saxon delights in labour-built houses, full of shameful accommodations unfit for man. He surrounds himself with toil and wearisome occupations. He makes himself a slave, and would make slaves of all others. The Saxon is cruel and unjust : he seizes upon the property of others, and he guards his plunder with laws of blood. He hanged my boy ; he suspended him by the neck like a dog, until he died ! Cruel Saxon ! why did you do this bloody deed ? You tried him by laws that he never knew or acknowledged, and judges pronounced sentence upon

him in a foreign tongue. The Cavenaghs never acknowledged their authority.

“He went upon the land that had fed his fathers in the days that are passed, in the olden years of happiness ; and he took from the generous land the growth that God freely gave it, and he brought it to his old mother to sustain her feeble limbs ; and the Saxons seized him, and tried him in their barbarous manner, and put him to death ; for the laws of the Saxons are cruel. For a little corn and a little wool, and the carcase of a sheep, they put my boy to death, and shed the blood of a man !

“Donough has gone to the grave before his old mother. Like the tall waving ash, he was cut down in all his beauty, because he drank the dews of heaven, which God freely gave to refresh his green leaves. Look at this solitary and desolate house in the wild wood, and there was only Donough and his old mother. We asked from the lands of our fathers, our own land, but for a morsel to eat. The land gave it freely, and pitied our poverty, but the Saxon had no pity. Oh, my boy ! son of the dark-eyed Dermid, thou hast joined the spirit of thy father in the rolling mist that hangs over the torrent of the Dargle. Guide the step of the

Saxon to the precipice, and moisten the sharp angles of the rocks with his brains, that my old ears may be feasted with his groans, and that I may hear your laughter in the wind !”

In this Ossianic strain the old woman continued to *keen* her son, without paying any attention to the strangers. Mortough did not attempt to interrupt her, but proceeded very industriously to collect timber, and repair the fire. A very large fire soon blazed upon the hearth, and Clara De Lacy began slowly to revive from the exhaustion, and almost insensibility into which she had fallen, from fatigue and terror. Feeling herself at length dry and warm, she turned her attention towards the old female, lamenting for her son. She performed some little offices of piety towards the dead body, adding some of her own garments to the mean and scanty covering ; and what was still more acceptable, she sat beside the aged mourner and joined in the *keen*. Clara was an accomplished keener. Perfect mistress of the Irish language, in her mouth it became, what it is naturally, a harmonious and polished dialect. She filled up the cadences of the old woman’s broken poesy, and added sentiments in a more devout and Christian spirit.

The old woman was pleased with this unlooked-for aid. "I thought," said she, "that no voice would have keened my poor Donough but that of his old mother: God sent a sweeter and a better voice. God will bless you, lady, whoever you are, for having helped to soothe the spirit of a man murdered in his prime of life; nor will the blessing of the old and childless widow be any burden to you, as you take your way along the paths of this sorrowful world — my blessing, and the blessing of the great Father be upon you!"

"The old woman now rose, and produced, for the entertainment of her guests, a tolerable supply of new milk, oaten cakes, and whiskey, or usquebaugh. This was very acceptable, and all the parties ate as heartily as is usual at wakes, and Clara was much refreshed. Afterwards the old woman resumed her song, and in this manner the night wore away. Donough M'Cavenagh, whose real name was O'Toole, had been found guilty, in Dublin, of some depredations committed in the neighbourhood of the city, and sentenced to be hanged. He was executed accordingly, the day of this adventure, and the body was restored to the frantic intreaties of his mother. Donough had taken

some oats and a sheep or two off the lands, which he asserted, and, truly, were very recently the property of his sept, and therefore, in some measure, the property of each individual of it. Donough disdained to work in any other mode or manner than his ancestors had done before him. In taking a share of the produce of the soil, he considered himself as merely taking what was his own. If there could be any robbery in the case, the robbers, in his opinion, were those who had stolen the land, not the person who only took an humble gleaning of its produce. So reasoned Donough; but we are to presume that he reasoned erroneously, as he was hanged for the error of his argument.

In the grey of the morning, Mortough sent off the soldiers to find their way by various routs to Dublin. With one of these Marvel sent a dispatch to Lord De Lacy, acquainting him with the occurrences of the night, and requesting to be favoured with his directions before he should remove Miss De Lacy from her present inconvenient residence. This communication was made at the instance of Clara, who was persuaded that her uncle was no way concerned in the transactions of the night, but was

like herself, the dupe of the manœuvres that had been practised. In much less time than could have been imagined, De Lacy himself arrived at Cavenagh's Hut, and claimed his niece. He made his acknowledgments to Colonel Marvel, for the important service he had rendered him, in the warmest terms; and invited him to Hi-Lacy, if he could make it convenient to bend his steps in that direction, and the sooner, the more welcome would he be. He expressed his regret that he had not known more of Colonel Marvel in Dublin, where circumstances, now happily removed, had prevented him from cultivating his acquaintance.

De Lacy was followed by a host of armed servants, and several carriages, containing his whole household. "This happened," he said, "to be the route to Hi-Lacy, and he would not again commit himself in Dublin, which was at present a labyrinth of intrigue of every kind and character, where an honest man could do his country no service, though he might incur much personal risk."

Marvel concurred in this sentiment, though he doubted De Lacy's title to the appellation of

“honest man.” He said, that “he considered himself bound to offer his services to the Lord Lieutenant in the approaching campaign ; and, if they should not be accepted, he would certainly avail himself of his leisure to visit the hospitable castle of Hi-Lacy.”

“I have little chance, then, I fear, Colonel, of seeing you there, for the services of so distinguished an officer will hardly be rejected.”

“I pretend to little distinction, my Lord De Lacy ; and I am by no means certain that my services will be accepted, such is the variety of conflicting counsels and interests at the Castle of Dublin. Lord Essex is well-disposed, but they are weaving a web of intrigue around him, from which he will with difficulty extricate himself.”

After much more discourse of this kind, the Lord De Lacy, with his niece, family, and retinue, took leave of the Colonel, and proceeded on their way to the ancient castle of Hi-Lacy, the once splendid residence of this distinguished family. Colonel Marvel, Sergeant Haughton, and Mortough M'Tierney, bent their steps in the opposite direction, to the city of Dublin.

Marvel found the city in an extraordinary bustle: the army were marching to open the campaign in the south. They had been reviewed on the famous field of Clontarf, and made a splendid appearance, counting twenty-five thousand men in high health, and fully armed, equipped, and disciplined. Marvel arrived upon the ground as the soldiers were marching off of it, and witnessed the loud hurras and long-continued cheering of the troops, as they broke up from their grand line, and filed off in open column for the road. Essex, surrounded by his officers, rode at the head of the advanced division of cavalry, and from time to time raised his helmet, covered with white plumes, from his head, and waving it in the air, gave the signal for a cheer. He was answered with enthusiasm by the whole army, and all the assembled citizens of Dublin; for the town had poured out its entire population to witness this glorious spectacle.

Marvel found much difficulty in making his way through the crowd to Essex. At length, however, he joined him, and was received, he thought, coldly. "I had expected to see Colonel Marvel one of the first on the ground

to-day," said Essex ; "where have you been wasting your time, Colonel?"

"I was detained," said the Colonel, "by an unlucky accident ; but lost not a moment when I was at liberty, in waiting on your Lordship to solicit employment in this gallant army, and the advantage of serving under so distinguished a commander."

"I am fully sensible what important advantages I could not fail to derive from your services in the field, Colonel Marvel," said Essex ; "but I have other work for you. There are many here can do soldier's business, but no one could perform so well the task I reserve for Colonel Marvel." The Colonel bowed. "You recollect you came to me as an envoy of peace. I am still inclined to treat with the Irish Chiefs, particularly with O'Neil, and I wish you to see him in his own quarters, and tell him so. This expedition to the south need not interfere with our negotiation. I have despatches containing full instructions prepared for you ; and I wish you to turn your horse's head to the north, and ride on to Dungannon without delay.

"I shall obey your Lordship."

"I know I can rely upon your fidelity and

discretion ; two rare qualities. God speed you, Colonel, on your mission." Saying this, Essex commanded his aid-de-camp to deliver a packet of papers to Marvel, and putting spurs to his horse, he rode away.

CHAPTER VII.

MARVEL remained upon the spot where Essex left him, musing profoundly upon what had just occurred, and unable to puzzle out whether it afforded more cause of joy or sorrow. He thought it wisest, however, to consider it in the former light. If he was deprived of the honour of commanding in this celebrated expedition, on the other hand he expected little good from it; and might, perhaps, escape its disasters, if not disgrace. Again, he would have an opportunity of visiting Hi-Lacy, either in going or returning from Dungannon, as it lay in his road. This was some consolation. He therefore turned his horse's head, without much regret, towards Dublin, and moved slowly in that direction.

Arrived in Dublin, he took a hasty leave of Alderman Bradly, after making a final and vain effort to procure a settlement of his uncle's

accounts ; then summoning his faithful Haughton, he set out upon his pacific mission.

After a variety of petty adventures not worthy of being recounted, Marvel arrived safe at Dungannon, the chief residence of O'Neil. The Chief was not there ; he held his court at Shane's Castle, and thither the Colonel proceeded. The old Castle of Shane (or John) O'Neil, stood beautifully in the midst of its green and wooded lawns, looking over the waters of Lough Neagh.

In the midst of what a scene, thought Marvel, of loveliness and repose, has the most turbulent and aspiring prince in Ireland made his residence. This might be the habitation of some philosopher, rich in the world's wealth, and more than the world's wisdom. An Atticus — an Irish Atticus ! what a dream ! Yet there was something not unworthy of a wealthy philosopher at Shane's Castle, an absence of all parade ; there were no guards, and few servants, or retinue of any kind.

O'Neil met Colonel Marvel with a smile, and with much cordiality, and anticipating the purport of his visit, surprised him, by stating every particular of his *private* instructions.

“ You see, Marvel,” said he, “ I know all

this, and much more than this ; indeed, I have been much more behind the scenes than yourself, and would be most willing to make peace on fair terms with Lord Essex, but it would be to little purpose. Essex has been sent to Ireland to be sacrificed. The English cabinet betrays him with a hollow support, they have delivered him into the hands of the cruel and crafty faction that governs this country. He is full of plans of polity and improvement, when his neck is actually under the ax."

" You surprise me, my Lord ; surely the Viceroy can be in no danger while the Queen continues to consider him as she does."

" Perhaps not, but the old Lady is capricious, and Essex is hot, and sometimes imprudent : they may fall out. They have intercepted my own correspondence with her Majesty, and fabricated others, so as to impose upon her effectually ; they will not fail to do the same with Essex, and he will be more likely to be caught in the snare than I, who have something more of the fox in my nature. I was something of a favourite myself, you know, with her beauteous Majesty, and I know by what a frail tenure her favour is held. I fear for poor Essex."

“Am I to conclude, that your Lordship declines to treat under these circumstances?”

“You are not to conclude any such thing, my good Colonel. Not treat! — when did you ever hear that O’Neil refused to treat?” said the chief, laughing. “I will treat, as if the treaty could endure; but as I know it cannot, I will take precautions accordingly. I speak this confidentially; you and I are friends; when we come to talk about this treaty, I will respect your character as negociator: let us now talk as old friends and acquaintances — what do you think of Essex?”

“We differ very little, I think, my Lord, in our opinion of him. No one questions his abilities; few doubt his integrity and good intentions, but there is a generally prevailing opinion of his imprudence; he is certainly hot, and sometimes inconsiderate, but it is, I think, because he relies too much both upon his own talents, and his security at court.”

“Well, I shall not press you, as to your commander. Has he married the wealthy heiress of the house of De Lacy to his favourite Southampton?”

“No my Lord; Miss De Lacy is not married.”

“ Well, Colonel, was it fair in you to countermine your general, and blow up his plans ?”

Marvel looked surprised. “ Come, come,” continued O’Neil, “ I don’t blame you ; all is fair in those cases — you had an able ally, though an odd one for a British officer, in Mortough M’Tierney ; the scene at the Dargle would have afforded an Irish lover a fine opportunity, and as you are half an Irishman, I give you credit for improving it properly — where’s Clara now ?”

“ Miss De Lacy is gone to Hi-Lacy in company with her uncle. But how did you, my Lord, become acquainted with all these things ?”

“ Oh ! in the most natural manner in the world. I was in the midst of all the intrigues in Dublin, and was the confidant of every party. Mortough was my agent, and subordnately every body’s agent ; and I thought it fair, Marvel, having deprived you of one woman you loved, to prevent any one else depriving you of another. Clara loves you, you may take my word for it. De Lacy wishes to marry her to his son Godfrey ; but Godfrey is an odd kind of animal, and will take more delight in disappointing his father, than in the lass, or her fortune. He will not marry her, so she falls to

you ; and you may take her, she is a charming girl ; but then, Marvel, you must become one of us, and be even a little more Irish than you are. Clara will bring this about, however, better than I could, so I shall leave it to her."

Marvel's amazement had been increasing during this speech. He made his acknowledgments, however, for the kindness towards himself, which it contained. O'Neil had always puzzled him by a strange mingling of qualities, so oddly combined as to baffle all his attempts to form a satisfactory opinion of them. He could now explain the various metamorphoses of Mortough, but where could O'Neil have hid himself all the time, while his agent was abroad?

"It was a bold measure," said Marvel, "to trust yourself in the enemy's camp, as I may call the city of Dublin — and was it worth the risk, when, after all, you must have kept yourself in concealment?"

"Concealment ! not at all, I saw every thing with my own eyes, and heard every thing with my own ears. The arrival of this large army, and of such a man as Essex, Marvel, were important events. I was determined to know the whole extent of the danger that menaced me.

I went through the camp, talked with the troops, conversed with Essex, and discussed all his plans and propositions with him. I talked with the adventurers, the undertakers, and the jobbers; from the Chancellor, down to your friend Alderman Bradley, — and sounded the depths and designs of every party; and now I am at my ease. That southern expedition of Lord Essex was a wrong move of his, but he cannot say that I advised it. I advised him against it," said he, laughing.

"I cannot comprehend it," said Marvel; "it is a riddle beyond my power of solving."

"I will give you three guesses; stir up your brains, man."

"Nay, my Lord, I acknowledge myself subdued."

"What! not recollect the Italian musicians and their exquisite strains? but you English have no soul for music."

"Indeed, I fear we have not; but what of these musicians? who were they?"

"They were no other than your friends O'Neil and O'Moore. Poor O'Moore could not speak Italian, though he could play the violin divinely, and therefore he was dumb; having his tongue barbarously mangled by the

Tories, in some adventure ; however, he contrived to speak very significantly to that meddling town-crier at the ball. You recollect ?”

“ I do indeed — it is all like a fairy tale.”

“ There are more fairy tales in the world, Marvel, than you think of. O’Moore is now set out to have a conversation of another sort with the Queen’s favourite, and one less in dumb show, and less harmonious.”

“ Surely he does not expect to be able to impede the progress of that fine army ?”

“ They are gay troops, indeed ; but I rather think O’Moore will show them good play, and I have sent Tyrrel with a few northern lads to complete his company.”

Marvel now ventured to enquire for Lady Tyrone. “ She is dying, Marvel,” said, O’Neil ; “ life is nearly extinct in that bosom which valued you so much, and loved me so dearly ; her barbarous brother has killed her. What have I not done, what have I not stooped to, to be reconciled to that English savage, and he would not ? I have disregarded his treachery — I have despised his persecutions — I have suffered him to live in peace and enjoy his imaginary triumphs ; and I have delegated the occasional chastisements which were necessary

to restrain him to O'Moore, that my wife may not be afflicted. While she lives, he is safe; if she die, the same spade that digs her grave, shall hollow out his. I will follow him up to the death, though Essex, and the Queen, and the Parliament of England, stood beside him.

Marvel did not try to turn aside this flow of passion; he knew it would be vain. O'Neil's passions were at once vehement and calm; they were subject to no irregularity or reflux, but proceeded with a powerful and steady course towards their object; not, however, always in the most direct line, but occasionally receding and giving place to interruptions, in order to arrive more certainly at the point of destination.

Lady Tyrone was at Dungannon, and thither O'Neil purposed to proceed in a few days; meanwhile, he kept Marvel with him at Shane's Castle, discussing and arranging propositions of peace. "We may as well employ ourselves at this vain occupation as not," said he; "it will be so much work done to our hand on some other occasion."

Couriers arrived daily at the Castle, from the seat of war in the south; and O'Neil made little secret of the purport of these dispatches. They were all of an encouraging nature for the Irish,

who, under the command of O'Moore and Tyrrel, O'Neil's Lieutenant, had effectually checked and embarrassed the Viceroy. At length, M'Egan, the Pope's vicar, arrived, bringing dispatches of importance. He had been present at the battle of "the pass of plumes," in which Essex's gay cavalry, composed of the *élite* of the British horse, and officered by the sons of English nobility, were utterly routed and overthrown. This brilliant victory, as it was counted, had been achieved chiefly by O'Neil's division under Tyrrel. They had taken their position in a defile, and lay in wait for this plumed and brodered hostlerie. When the head of the column entered the pass, (to this day called Tyrrel's pass,) nothing was visible to the eye of the jocund cavalry, but the long grass and the trees that hung on the sides of the steep precipices. They proceeded onwards carelessly, until the van of the column arrived at the narrow neck, or outlet of the defile. Here they found their progress interrupted by a rude stone wall, drawn across the valley, which was defended by a strong platoon of pikes and musketeers. Several officers who were mounted on superior horses, attempted to leap this blockade; three succeeded,

but not being supported, they perished on the other side.

The column, after a vain combat, now faced about, and tried to pass by the rear, but they found their retreat cut off, and the passage occupied by a strong force of infantry ; in the mean time, a heavy fire was poured in upon the devoted cavalry, from the sides of the hills, now populous with other vegetation than the innocent grass and the trees.

The affair of the pass of plumes covered Essex's expedition with disgrace. He did not recover it, and though he remained some time longer in the south, and took some insignificant castles, his army was wasted away by the sword and the climate, and he was compelled to return to Dublin, with diminished and ruined forces.

O'Neil's advices from Dublin stated, that the city resounded with a deafening outcry against the Viceroy. His conduct was attributed to treachery and collusion with the Irish : he was accused of having devoted his own army to destruction, to serve the purposes of a perverse and insane ambition, which was to be promoted by a union and alliance with the Irish Chiefties. His march to the south was stated as conclusive

evidence of these treasons, by the very men who, a short time before, promoted this very measure with the utmost zeal and clamour. The cabinet of London was now assailed with vehement representations of the disastrous state of the *Protestant interest* in Ireland, and the misconduct of Lord Essex.

These representations, to most of which Lord Essex disdained to reply, made great impression on the mind of Elizabeth. But she was not yet prepared to yield up her favourite to his enemies.

“He is a lost man,” said O’Neil. “The Queen is angry, and will scold him bitterly; and he will get angry in his turn, and perhaps scold her. We must wait, however, a little longer, before all this is wound up.”

The arrival of the Pope’s jolly vicar caused an increase of bustle and good cheer at Shane’s Castle. He professed great regard for Colonel Marvel, but was very impatient of his presence near O’Neil. He put, therefore, every little *ruse* in movement to break off the negotiation, and induce the Colonel to take his departure. O’Neil saw this.

“You may let Colonel Marvel alone, my good prior,” said he; “our negotiation will

be very harmless. Can you not be satisfied with our victory in Tipperary, and like a good priest sit down in quietness for a season, and enjoy our good things at Shane's Castle?"

"No, my Lord," said M'Egan, "I can enjoy nothing, while negotiations are going on under my nose. They never do good. I hate the very sound of the word."

"Well, you see, Colonel, we must even gratify the Pope's vicar, and suspend our treaty. Suppose you were to take a trip, in the mean time, to Hi-Lacy, and see how the old folks and the young ones do there. In a few weeks, matters will be riper for negotiation, and Essex and I will know better how we stand with reference to each other. Nothing can be lost by it. So you may go, Marvel; and, if any blame should accrue, place it on my shoulders. They are a stout pair, and able to bear much."

"I will go, my Lord," said Marvel, "and pay my promised visit at Hi-Lacy willingly; but I hope I shall be at liberty to see you again upon the subject of my commission."

Oh, certainly! I am as anxious as you can be on that head; but you see what a fate we, Catholics, groan under. I must now submit to

the despotism of Rome, in the person of her vicar. Hey ! M'Egan ?”

M'Egan gave a groan of a dubious character, implying something like doubt of O'Neil's implicit submission.

O'Neil smiled. “ Was ever submission to holy church more unhesitating and complete, Colonel Marvel ? And yet the most holy and apostolic vicar is hardly satisfied with it. These churchmen are like some fastidious ladies, hard to be pleased.”

Marvel did not delay long after this conversation, to take his departure for Hi-Lacy. Whether O'Neil wished him away for any purpose of his own, or whether he kindly sought to give him an opportunity of visiting Hi-Lacy, did not clearly appear, but he gave him credit for the latter motive.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARVEL left Shane's Castle at the dawn of day, and travelling rapidly, came in sight of the towers of Hi-Lacy before sun-set. The castle was of great extent, but of ruinous appearance. It had gone rapidly to decay since the death of Clara's father, and had suffered every species of injury. The present possessor, or rather usurper of his brother's lands, feeling his possession insecure, had neglected the castle, and had not ventured to reside in it till very lately. It was situated in the centre of a plain of considerable extent, which had once been wooded, and preserved with much care, as appeared from various scattered indications; but, except a few very old and half-decayed trees, it was now bare, presenting only the stumps of stunted oak and underwood.

The park, as it was called, or what had once been a park, surrounding the castle, was now

quite uninclosed, or showing only the mouldering remains of what once was a wall. It was a large level piece of grass-land, if it could be so called, where, except the colour, no other indication of grass could be discerned. Various four-footed animals were seen straying over this waste, all of which, it would seem, were not a little dubious of the propriety of the term grass-land, as applied to the ancient park of Hi-Lacy; their thinly-covered bones giving proof of the great reluctance and hesitation with which it ever supplied a blade. These were chiefly the cattle of the neighbouring peasants; and the desire to give them ingress to their neighbour's pasture, it was thought, had not a little contributed to the rapid decay of the park-wall. Undoubtedly the peasants considered that De Lacy himself had come by the castle and all its grounds, pretty much in the same way, and this made them less scrupulous; though it is not meant to be insinuated that they would, under any circumstances, have wholly refrained from these neighbourly visits to the Lord's park, while an aperture in the wall could be found, or easily procured.

The flat grounds lying round the castle were traversed in various directions, in straight lines,

by numerous trenches, or canals, through which, it seemed, various streams of water formerly took their course, and poured their united tide into the basin, or wet ditch surrounding the castle. But the water had found new, or perhaps, old ways, of its own choosing, and made its escape at various angles of these lines, directing its course towards a bog, at a considerable distance, by means of a deep and rugged channel, whose worn white stones showed it to have been for ages the path-way of a torrent. The moat round the castle was dry, or only moistened with a little stagnant water covered with a green surface. In some places also it was partly filled up with the broken and mouldering ruins of the castle walls, which from time to time had been precipitated into the moat. At that point where a draw-bridge had once been, the ditch appeared to have been filled up by design, but not perfectly, for it was necessary in approaching the castle, to descend somewhat into it, and re-ascend again upon the opposite bank, in order to gain the court-yard.

The castle displayed, in all its battlements and turrets, signs of the same neglect which the park exhibited. Yet in its day of splendour,

it had been the most considerable in Ireland. The family of De Lacy had been for some hundred years in a state of incessant warfare, either with the feeble government of the Pale, or with the great Irish, or Anglo-Irish families, or what was still worse, with each other. They had been generally successful in their external contests, but their internal struggles broke them utterly. Even, yet, however, as to territorial possessions, this family was, next to O'Neil, and the Desmond, by far the most considerable in the kingdom.

Colonel Marvel had ridden slowly through the park, ruminating upon the appearances of decay around him; and not a little anxious as to his own reception. He had heard that Hugh De Lacy was a man of the most uncertain temper, weak, violent, and capricious, and who would scruple very little to disown his own invitation, and turn the stranger from his doors; or leave him to the uncomfortable redress of single combat with sword or pistol, a redress which De Lacy would not decline to afford.

The Colonel was so deeply engaged in considering the unsatisfactory nature of this kind of *satisfaction*, that he lost altogether the benefit of some very profound observations made by

Sergeant Haughton as they traversed the park, upon irrigation, and the best modes of fattening cattle. These topics were suggested to his mind by what he considered the injudicious direction of the water cuts, and the doleful condition of the lean kine. His observations are unfortunately lost to posterity, otherwise they would have furnished evidence that the sublime science of irrigation, and the deep mysteries of breeding and fattening animals, were by no means unknown to our ancestors, as is arrogantly supposed. But how, it will be asked, did the sergeant become versed in these erudite matters? The fact is, that "a little farm had been his paternal lot," and Haughton had been for a short time a happy husband, and father, and a thriving man. The wars of Elizabeth's reign, and their fluctuations, had brought "a change of times," which wrecked poor Haughton's little fortune. His wife died, and his child followed its mother to the grave. Haughton was alone, and pennyless, in the world. He enlisted; and met in Ireland the son of old squire Marvel, who had been, while he lived, his best friend, and his resource in all his little difficulties. Haughton's wife had been a daughter of a tenant of old Marvel's, and

this was a sacred connection. He was some years older than the Colonel, but was still an active and vigorous man.

Marvel now entered the court-yard, which was very large, by an arched way, where once a gate had been. The castle was a plain massive building, enclosing the quadrangle of the yard. It was supported by an immense number of rude buttresses and small circular towers, projecting into the court-yard; but many of these were in ruins, and had brought portions of the castle-wall with them when they fell. The court-yard was covered with grass, except some few spots near several small doors leading into the building, and some narrow paths which crossed the yard, and connected opposite entrances. The arms of the Hi-Lacy family were rudely carved in stone, over the arched gateway, by which Marvel had entered, though what these arms might have been was not now easy to decipher. Time had destroyed the gates, and they had not been replaced. All the doors were closed.

Not a creature was visible in the castle-yard when Marvel entered; and he had full leisure to survey the scene around him. At length, however, his curiosity was fully satisfied, and

he began to tire of this prospect of silence and desolation. How was he to proceed? He resolved this point, with great deliberation, many times in his mind, and was still far from having settled it, when he was relieved by the opening of a small door in one of the little towers projecting into the castle-yard. From this open door two large dogs bounded into the courtyard, and challenged the Colonel and his squire, with no hospitable greetings. They were wolf-dogs, of a large size, and most formidable to contend with. While the dogs barked and bounded round the strangers, and seemed meditating an attack, they were called off by a loud and strong whistle; and a human head, of an uncommon appearance, was protruded, for an instant, at the door of the little tower whence the dogs had sallied out. The dogs obeyed the whistle, until they approached near the tower; when appearing to repent of their docility, they wheeled about and showed their teeth, in a low discontented growl, at Marvel and his servant.

Marvel was by no means pleased with this kind of reception, and his discontent was not a little heightened, when the door of the tower being again opened, the two wolf dogs were joined by

a host of hounds and mastiffs, and the whole canine column came thundering with open mouths upon the defenceless travellers. The matter now became serious ; Haughton spurred up his horse, drew his sword, and ranged himself along side his master. It would, however, have been a perilous contest, had not the owner of the strange head they had before noticed, made his appearance in the yard, head and all. He was a young man, apparently about twenty, drest in a pink silk jacket, and wearing a green bonnet or cap of the same material, the crown of which ascended to a point in a pyramidal shape ; he wore loose buskins and long spurs, and there was altogether about his person an air of great comicality. He perceived in an instant how the matter stood between the dogs and the travellers, and attempted to bring the former to order, by the usual method of communicating with these sagacious companions of mankind, *whistling*. But in this he did not succeed ; after repeated attempts, the sound died away upon his lips, and the intended whistle broke into loud laughter. Whether it was that the young gentleman was amused by the chagrined air of Marvel, or the valorous attitude of Haughton, the effect was irresistible.

At length, he changed his plan, and stifled his mirth by scolding his dogs heartily in good plain English and Irish, for their want of hospitality and politeness — “and you,” said he, “Thoriff,” addressing the larger of the wolf dogs, “a dog of sense and discrimination like you, I am really astonished at you — did you take that good looking gentleman for a wolf? Hey, Thoriff? or that clumsy squire for a calf, trespassing upon the ornamental grass of the Castle yard?” The dog stooped his head, whined and wagged his tail to these remonstrances. “Well, “I forgive you,” continued his master, “and the gentleman I am sure, who has a generous kind of face, will forgive you to.”

While this Acteon of the Castle was conversing with his dogs, Marvel had dismounted, and was committing his horse to the care of Haughton.

“You are fond of dogs, sir, I hope?”

“Indeed, I might say I am,” answered Marvel.

“Then you will pardon Thoriff, for his incivility — Come here, sir, and ask pardon of the gentleman. Thoriff, indeed, sir, is not an ungenerous dog, but being genuine Irish, he hates intruding strangers; depend upon it, sir, if ever

the Saxon obtain predominance in Ireland, this noble race of dogs, the like of which are not in the world, will pine away and disappear from the face of the earth. Look there, sir," said he, pointing to a great wolf dog of stone, which surmounted the principal tower of the Castle, "look at old Clandelaw; he has lost his tail and one of his legs; the poor stone fellow is crippled, like the fortunes of De Lacy. Clandelaw once bounded over this yard, like Thoriff; he was the great ancestor of the breed, and was the finest dog the sun ever shone upon. I hope, sir, you have some taste for ruins and mutilations, for that is the only taste I fear that can be gratified at Hi-Lacy."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir," said the Colonel, "as we have ridden a long way, and both my servant and myself happen to have a taste at this moment for other things than ruins."

The young man laughed: "I declare," said he, "I had almost forgot that you, and this respectable looking gentleman, were not made of the same material as *old Clandelaw* upon the tower yonder." He now shouted, "Rory Duff, Rory Duff, Rory Duff!" — and at length, advancing with a slow and dissatisfied air, Rory Duff made

his appearance. He was a tall, gaunt, half-starved, half-naked looking man, with matted bushy hair, and dark thick eye-brows, hiding a pair of small red eyes, half open. He came out of what appeared to be a stable, and looked as if he had been asleep, for he stretched himself and yawned repeatedly as he came along, to the great amusement of his master, who after surveying him for some time from head to foot, said, "Well, Rory, are you awake?" "Aw-y—yes, sir; —aw-y, I believe so," said Rory: "I was rubbing down Miss Clary's pony."

"Oh! I have no doubt you were fully employed. Here, take charge of these horses, and do the same kind office for them; and take charge of that young man also, Rory. Not quite so young a man, though; but no matter. Take him to Maurice Oge, and tell him to take good care of him."

"Why, Master Godfrey," said Rory, "why, your honour, we have no oats for the horses, nor a wisp of straw, or a mouth-full of hay, or any thing, as I may say. We are quite and clean done out, as a body may say."

"Do you see, Rory, my lad," said Godfrey, "if you don't find plenty of oats for these

horses, and straw and hay enough, I will lay my best black-thorn on your back, while you have a whole bone in it."

Rory shrugged his shoulders. "Aye," said he, "that black-thorn of yours, Master Godfrey, does wonders; but o' my conscience, if it can give us oats at Hi-Lacy, it is the greatest wonder of all."

"Mind what I said to you, Rory, that's all.— And now, sir," said Godfrey, turning to Marvel, "will you do me the favour to accompany me?"

According to this arrangement, Haughton marched off with Rory Duff, and the Colonel followed Godfrey as his guide. He conducted him to the little tower, where he had come from with his dogs. It was nothing but a kennel, very neatly kept. "This, sir," said Godfrey, looking about with great satisfaction, "is the place where I spend all my precious time. — Here Thoriff, and Vorvodera, and — but you shake your head, sir, as all wise people do. A pretty occupation, you think, for the heir of the great house of Hi-Lacy, the only male representative of this great ruined family. But, sir, consider, I beseech you, that some great folks spend their time even less innocently, perhaps less profitably than this. I do these poor

dogs some service: I do no one any injury; but we will discuss this hereafter. Now, sir, follow me, and take care of your head;" and he led the way up a narrow spiral stair, which, after an infinite number of evolutions, conducted them into a very small room, wainscotted with polished black oak, finely carved, and displaying various representations of the chase of the wolf, in some of which Godfrey's favourite dogs seemed to be very accurately portrayed.

"Now, sir," said Godfrey, "I hope your appetite is as good as you threatened, for your fare will be coarse; and, what you will think worse, perhaps, cold. I never eat hot meats. Next to raw flesh, the eating of hot meats seems to come nearest to cannibalism. I will own to you, that eating the flesh of animals in any state of preparation, goes against my conscience: but, in the manner of the wise men of the world, I baffle my conscience with this kind of unmeaning compromise. Well, sir, you are beginning to think, I suppose, that I mean to baffle you. Not at all; here is your dinner and my own." Saying this, he touched a spring in the wainscot, and a folding-door flew open, and a small table, covered with a fine white napkin, and spread with cold meat and pie of various

kinds, rolled in without any visible help, or cause of motion. When this self-moving table attained a position in the centre of the room, it stood still, and the doors in the wainscot closed.

“Your castle, sir,” said Marvel, “is an enchanted castle, I imagine; but I have no reason to find fault with the spells, if they always work in this way.”

“I deal, sir,” said Godfrey, “in the magic art, as you might have known, when Thoriff, Vorvodera, and myself, had the honour of rescuing you, or rather a fair lady, for whom you felt some interest, from a watery prison, and the hands of the Tories.”

“I recollect the circumstance, sir,” said Marvel, “perfectly; and I really thought that I had the honour of meeting you somewhere before; but when, or where, I could not bring to mind. Are these amiable companions of yours, Thoriff, and — what do you call him?” —

“Vorvodera, sir.”

“Yes, Vorvodera. Are they of any assistance to you in the sublime studies of the black art?”

“Assistance, sir! They are indispensable. I require in my assistants a certain degree of

intelligence, and an entire fidelity. Where could I find these, except in my four-footed friends? Intelligence, indeed, I might find among some of the biped race; but fidelity, sir, — fidelity is not to be found! Nothing that walks upon two legs is faithful, entirely faithful!”

“You are severe, sir, upon the unfortunate beings who are limited to two legs.”

“Pardon me, sir, I am not severe: I only state facts; nature has decreed it so; the human animal is sometimes faithful, to a certain degree; but his fidelity is so dashed and mingled with various motives, having a reference to himself, that the sublimest devotedness is often at bottom but a modification of selfishness — and then, sir, the feathered tribe, I have tried almost every species, and there is a levity in their attachments, not unlike that physical levity which enables them to float in the tides of the air; their affections are feathered, sir.”

“These are speculations, Mr. De Lacy, which I have not studied so profoundly, but I cannot agree with you, as far as the human animal is concerned, that pure and unmixed faithfulness is not sometimes to be found in the world.”

“ Yes, I will not deny that there may be extreme cases ; virgin gold has been found, but how rare is it ? Such faithfulness as you talk of is rarer still, but it may exist. Here is Hoc, of I know not what vintage, but it is very fine, and here is old Rhenish of another kind, and claret ; pray drink your wine freely ; ‘ in vino veritas.’ ”

“ You would dose a man with wine, I perceive, as you would a dry pump with water, that you may bring out what is at the bottom of the well.”

“ I would not do so with Colonel Marvel, for I would rely upon his answering my questions as a man of honour, without the aid of wine.”

“ If you have any questions to propose, Mr. De Lacy,” said the Colonel, surprised at being known, “ I am ready to answer them.”

“ Then, my good Colonel, what induced you to visit such a place as Hi-Lacy ?”

“ I came here, by your father’s invitation.”

“ Indeed ! my father must have been in an uncommonly hospitable humour. You are to learn, Colonel Marvel, that my father and I keep separate establishments ; this tower is mine, and here I can accommodate you, if you

choose to be *my* guest; though I will not promise for any very extensive accommodations; that portion of the castle which my father occupies affords more space, but I doubt if you would be more comfortable. My father, notwithstanding his invitation, will have no objection to your taking up your quarters with me; and if you have any taste for the idleness and fooleries of female society, my cousin Clara spends most of her time in these mysterious apartments."

"I could only have one objection," said Marvel, "and that you have nearly removed — having been invited by your father; so I will even indulge myself, and become your guest."

"I knew you would, because fame says that Colonel Marvel is a sensible man."

"Fame does me too much credit — indeed, I have hardly satisfied my mind as to what sense is."

"Now, I have no doubt of your being a sensible man, when you doubt what sense is. I have settled that point, however, with myself, long since, and I will give you the benefit of my argumentations on the subject; but I must first make you acquainted with your residence, your servants will be chiefly pieces of mechanism, which will obey your directions in the

most exact manner, will never be uncivil, prying, or malicious; will never misconstrue your actions, or betray your secrets, neither will they disturb you with their noise, nor irritate you with their negligence. But you will discover all this yourself." He now pressed another pannel of the oak wainscot; and another door opened and showed a continuation of the spiral stair, ascending to the upper stories of the tower. They ascended into a small apartment, which Godfrey told the Colonel was to be his bed chamber. This room was neat, and even elegant, and like the lower chamber, wainscotted with carved oak, but the devises were of a religious character, consisting of various crosses, and figures of the virgin and saints, and representations of the popular legends of the country. The furniture of the apartment was upon a small scale, but of the most finished workmanship. The bed was a simple pallet, spread upon a frame of oak, finely carved. This chamber opened into a closet, which might have answered for Tom Thumb, or the Queen of the Fairies, from its smallness and beauty. It was provided with books in various languages, a harp, and mechanical representations of the constellations; the walls were

inlaid with polished marble, green, grey, and brown.

“ I know not what accommodations my Lord De Lacy might have provided me with,” said Marvel; “ but I think he could hardly have placed me in such a fairy palace as this.”

“ Don’t mention the fairies with levity, Colonel, I pray you; there is more in this matter than the wise ones of the world will condescend to believe.”

“ Marvel laughed.”

“ It is a weakness of mine, perhaps, but I have found that there is ever some foundation of truth in the popular belief of a nation.”

“ Upon this principle, we should be bound to have some consideration for Jupiter and Saturn, and the leeks, onions, cats, and cows of various tribes, all of which have been divinities in their turn.”

“ It was wrong to make divinities of them, no doubt; but Jupiter and Saturn were probably some spirits of the air, that had a taste for being worshipped, and succeeded in gratifying it for some time. Do you think we are the only beings that occupy universal space?”

“ And what do you say to the leeks and onions?”

“ You are not deep enough in these matters yet, Colonel Marvel, for me to tell you. I shall now wish you good night ; if you want anything, touch this spring, near your bed’s head, and you will get it ; to-morrow you will see your old acquaintance, Clara. Saying this, Godfrey withdrew ; and as it was now late, and Marvel was weary, he betook himself to repose.”

CHAPTER IX.

MARVEL slept soundly, and in the morning he found he had no need to touch the mysterious spring, for he wanted nothing. In the closet he found his portmanteau, and every petty luxury, which, in Elizabeth's age, was thought essential to the dressing room. Nevertheless, he would enquire about Haughton, and in order to satisfy his very proper curiosity upon this head, he touched the spring—when, lo ! Haughton himself appeared ! 'This is magic, surely, thought Marvel, for my very thoughts are anticipated.

“How did you know I wanted you, Haughton?”

“I have been waiting below some time, sir, thinking you might want me, and was this minute called and told you did?”

“Who called you?”

“I did not see the person, I only heard the voice.”

“ Well, how did you fare last night? did Rory Duff take good care of you?”

“ Oh, excellent, indeed ; but he is a sad dog, I fear.”

“ How so?”

“ Bless your heart, there is as much plundered in this great old castle, as would support six regiments of horse.”

“ I don’t at all doubt it, Haughton.”

“ Why you see, sir, the young lord’s head is in the stars, and the old lord’s head is under ground.”

“ How under ground?”

“ Why, trying to undermine his neighbours, and steal their possessions, when he has ten times more land than he knows what to do with.”

“ I will call you again, Haughton, when I want you.”

Marvel descended to the room he had dined in the evening before. He had now more leisure to examine this curious apartment. It was an octagon, having niches in several of its sides. These were filled with books and ancient manuscripts, mathematical, instrumental, rare coins, and skeletons of birds, and other animals. Some small stringed instruments,

harp-shaped, hung upon the walls, and upon two small tripods stood large silver vases, richly carved and ornamented.

The table was spread for breakfast, and exhibited three silver bowls upon a white napkin, hot rolls, barley cakes, and coffee in a silver kettle, boiling over a lamp. To this was added, a substantial piece of roast beef, and a brown jug of strong beer.

The noise of dogs in the court yard attracted Marvel to the window, where he beheld Haughton, surrounded by hounds, terriers, and wolf-dogs, of all descriptions, and Godfrey De Lacy amusing himself with the sergeant's fears and apprehensions of this canine multitude. The wolf dogs sprang with great ease over the sergeant's head, and were followed by some great hounds, to the no small amusement of Godfrey, and the evident terror of Haughton, who seemed at a loss how to withdraw himself from this persecution, for if he moved a step all the dogs leaped, not over, but upon him. Marvel liked the pastime as little as Haughton, and determined to put an end to it, he turned round to seek his way to the court yard, when he beheld Clara de Lacy at the breakfast table.

Clara reached her hand to the Colonel, her face glowing with ingenuous delight.

“ I need not say how glad I am to see you here, Colonel, after our late adventures ; I hope you escaped without cold that terrible night.”

“ What could affect me, Clara, when I succeeded in placing you in safety ?”

“ Why that is gallant, and I will not quarrel with you about it now ; but sit down and give me the pleasure of preparing your breakfast.”

“ I was just going to try and save poor Haughton from your cousin Godfrey’s persecution.”

“ Take my advice, and let Godfrey have his own way. He will not do the sergeant any mischief, and will let him off the sooner if you let him alone.”

“ It shall be as you direct. Indeed, I don’t know whether, if I interfered, I should escape myself.”

“ It would be very doubtful. But here comes Godfrey.”

“ Good morning, Clara,” said Godfrey, entering ; “ did you dream of Colonel Marvel last night ? or —”

“ Or the queen of the fairies, Godfrey, that you saw lately, dressed in white, and floating on

the wind. I really did dream of her, and could not get rid of her all night."

"There now. Why I saw her this morning: Thoriff saw her first."

"Oh! I know Thoriff sees fairies as well as his master."

"Better, Clara. Did you see how he went over the fat Saxon's head?"

"I really think," said Marvel, "that was a cruel sport, and I was in no small pain for my fat Saxon."

Godfrey laughed. "Oh! he was in no danger, I assure you. But, if you had interfered, I could not have answered for the dogs, Thoriff especially."

"Why so?"

"The wolf-dog, you must know, is the crest and guardian of the house of De Lacy. Thoriff is the lineal descendant of Clandelau, the great stone dog on the tower, and he possesses a mysterious knowledge of all designs against the house of De Lacy. When you entered the court-yard yesterday, I was watching the reception he gave you, and saw clearly that you had some design upon our ancient house."

Marvel blushed, and was embarrassed: — Clara blushed also, and laughed.

“There now ! Is my dog right ? Clara confesses and laughs, like a true woman : and the Colonel, like a true Saxon, blunders out the truth, and does not know what to say about it.”

“Really ! Mr. De Lacy.”

“Nay, nay,” said Godfrey, “don’t look so serious and dismal. I think nothing about it. Be ‘your intent wicked or charitable,’ as the new play says, it is nothing to me. How did you sleep, Colonel ? and did you get every thing you wanted ?”

“I slept extremely well, and wanted for nothing.”

“Then you are a happy fellow ; almost as happy as Thoriff. To sleep well, and want nothing, is surely the supreme of earthly felicity. Mind, I say *earthly* ; for I doubt whether they sleep at all in heaven. I have not been able to determine it.”

“I fear I can give you no assistance upon the question ; nor can I agree in your definition of supreme earthly happiness.”

“Assistance ! Why, my dear Colonel, don’t think, I beseech you, that I expected any from you, and as little that you would agree in my definition. You Saxons do not concern your-

selves much with the world of spirits, or their heaven. This world is your heaven; and, in all the business of it, you are extremely clever and successful. Having but one pursuit, you must succeed. If you were more of a spiritual people, you could never get on so well with your commerce, and your manufactures, and your wars, and all the fuss and business you have to get through. Such a people as you, are necessary to do the drudgery work of the world. You are the Gallegos of the universe. *A-propos*; have you ever been in Spain?"

"No," said Marvel, laughing; "but I know something of the Gallegos."

"Then, you know a very useful, excellent people; strong, stupid, and persevering, like the English. But, do you know that O'Neil is in the closest intimacy with the court of Spain, and has already got large supplies of arms, ammunition, and money?"

"I have heard so much; but I rely upon O'Neil's prudence."

"So you may. O'Neil is too prudent. But he knows that the Saxons will some time or other pounce upon his great possessions, and he is right to be prepared. And there is that mad fellow, Essex, running (Lord knows where) down

to the south, at the bidding of the "undertakers" in Dublin, who want to destroy him; and under the special advice and direction of O'Neil himself, who is laughing at him. What a precious world it is! and how exquisitely we do manage things in Ireland!"

"Come, Godfrey, take your beef and beer, and let the world go its own way. After all that we can do for it, it will be the same world still."

"I deny that, Clara. The world may be greatly changed, if men would but look to the great powers of mechanism which they possess. Power is every thing; and we may accumulate power almost to an interminable degree."

"I don't deny," said Clara, "that mechanism, and the fairies, may make great changes in the world."

"Knowledge will give us power," said Marvel, "and I expect more from mechanism than from the fairies."

"It is knowledge, perhaps," said Godfrey, "that constitutes the power, or most of it, of the superior existences of the air; does not the great Creator act by mechanical and mathematical laws? Conceive what power is implied in

a perfect knowledge of the properties of matter, and the action of substances on each other."

"Very great power, no doubt," said Marvel.

"Then, sir, we might attain to a very great proportion of this power, if instead of cutting each others throats, by way of occupation, and deceiving and betraying each other for paltry nooks of clay, we turned our attention to the acquisition of knowledge. The wealth that is independent of the soil is infinite."

"The soil must be the basis."

"And what is the basis to the superstructure? Who regards the hidden foundations of the Acropolis when he surveys the glorious building?"

"It is true," said the Colonel.

"There is Thoriff outside the door," said Clara, "looking for his master, and amazed at his long delay this morning."

"Poor fellow, so he is; will you allow me to let him in, Clara."

"Oh! do as you like, Coz." — and Thoriff was admitted. The dog walked directly up to his master, and put his huge paw upon his bosom.

"What is the matter, Thoriff?" The dog

bowed his head, and then looked significantly in his master's face. "Is it so, indeed?" said Godfrey; "this is very singular."

"What information does he bring you, Godfrey," said Clara; "has the foolish dog seen the lady?"

"He has, Clara; but call not my dog foolish; I will not suffer my dog to be abused."

"Well, well, — come hither, Thoriff, and I will not abuse you; but you must pay me more attention, you great brute."

Thoriff went to the lady, and laid his head gently upon her lap.

"That's a good dog, and very handsomely done; now allow me to introduce you to Colonel Marvel; you must be friends, indeed, you must."

"Colonel Marvel, Thoriff, the great wolf dog, the crest and guardian of the house of Lacy — make your best bow, sir, to the Colonel." Thoriff stooped his head to the ground, then laid it upon the Colonel's feet, and embraced them with his fore-legs.

"Ho — Thoriff," said Godfrey, "what are you about?"

"Are you doubting the sagacity of your dog, cousin?"

“ Who can answer for the sagacity of any animal,” said Godfrey, “ that has got into a woman’s hands?”

“ Dear me, Godfrey, such a speech from you.”

“ Even from me, fair cousin ; I speak from observation only, not from any feeling of the subject. ‘ What is man to me, or woman either,’ as Shakespeare, the play actor, has it.”

“ You are a great reader of Shakespeare, Godfrey.”

“ I get his plays regularly from London, as they are published, and would admire him greatly, but that I am told he is very poor.”

“ Rather an odd reason for not admiring an author,” said Marvel.

“ Why ’tis odd enough, certainly, but to a Saxon, I should have thought it the best of all possible reasons.”

“ Sir — ”

“ Nay, Colonel, don’t be angry yet — do you not measure every thing by wealth, in England ; being an indifferent judge myself, I take the wealth of an author as a standard of his merits, knowing that if he were read, he would be rich, and that he would infallibly be read by a people

of such exquisite taste as the English, if he really had merit."

Marvel laughed — "I pardon you for the ingenuity of your defence."

"And the insincerity of it," said Godfrey; "what is there so pleasant as insincerity? But I will really be sincere with you; dull as it is. I hate the Saxons, but I do not hate you, for though a Saxon, you are unlike your countrymen. I am, you know, unlike any body, and I enjoy the privileges of a monster, of doing and saying with impunity what I please; I cannot surrender my privilege. If you don't like it, say so, and we will settle the matter another way."

"It is not for me," said Marvel, "to dispute the privileges of De Lacy's heir, in his own castle. You are to command, and I to obey."

"Why, that is very reasonable and proper. Now, I beg to invite you to walk or ride, as you may prefer. You will not see my father to-day, as he is gone from home; or, if you choose to amuse yourself here for a while, Clara will walk with you in the course of the day. How do you decide?"

“ I shall wait Miss De Lacy’s leisure for a walk ?”

“ So I thought. Then, Thoriff and I will go our own way. And Clara, you have no objection to a walk, hey ?”

“ You have decided for me, I think, cousin, rather uncereimoniously.”

“ Nay ; the decision is with you,” said the Colonel.

“ Oh ! I shall walk, Colonel, certainly, and be glad of you for a companion also. Come, Godfrey, I want to speak with you first.”

Marvel was now left alone to amuse himself as he might think proper, till the return of Clara. Miss De Lacy did not return ; but, after an interval of a couple of hours, Godfrey made his appearance. “ Well, Colonel, are you tired of your post ? My cousin Clara, like a true woman, has changed her mind, and set out alone upon her walk. We are to join her at the fountain. There is some mystery about this movement of her’s which I must find out. I love mysteries.”

The gentlemen accordingly set out upon their walk ; Godfrey taking his companion through the gardens, to look, as he said, at the weeds and desolation. The gardens were very exten-

sive, but only a very small angle of these spacious enclosures were kept clean. The great masses of box, and shrubs of various kinds, which had been cut and pared into all sorts of fantastic shapes, lions, wolf-dogs, urns, &c. &c. had sprouted in all directions, and showed a tasteless contempt of the beauties and proportions of art. Like most old gardens, this boasted of several terraces connected by flights of steps ; but the little hill, which had originally submitted to this formation, had now nearly resumed its natural aspect, flinging from its side the stone steps, and all the laborious etchings of the gardener and the mason. Even the waste and wildness of this garden-scene, where nature and art were exhibited in a kind of struggle, and the latter utterly subdued and defeated, had its charms for Marvel. He ranged, with much pleasure, round this wilderness of past cultivation, until they reached a small door at the lower extremity of the garden, which led to a grove, or wood, extending apparently a considerable distance. " This," said Godfrey, " is the remains of the great woods of Hi-Lacy, for our castle was once in the centre of a forest. It extends about half a mile, and is watered, as you see, by a very pretty stream, which feeds

Clara's fountain, and supplies various water-falls, and temples of fauns and forest nymphs. There are very pretty walks through the wood, and Clara is gone before us to the fountain."

The gentlemen walked on to meet the nymph of the fountain. Their path lay along the border of the stream, until it reached a point of rock, over which it precipitated itself to a depth of about twenty feet, forming a very pretty water-fall. The wood-path followed the descent of the stream by a gentle winding, and conducted them, in a few minutes, to Clara's fountain. It was a basin of grey marble which received the waters of the stream, and threw them out again down another, and more considerable precipice. The basin was large, and shaded by great oaks, under which seats were constructed. All around were bowers of beech, oak, honeysuckle, and ivy, forming places of perfect concealment. But the whole circle of the basin was populous with the marble divinities of the ancients, and Diana presided over the bath. Grass-plots and flower-knots, neatly kept, gave evidence that this was not a neglected spot. They looked round for Clara, but she was not there.

"I hear steps and voices," said Godfrey.

“She has got some companion; let us go into this bower, and observe who it is.”

“Can we not rather go and meet them,” replied Marvel.

“Oh! no, no no;” and Godfrey pushed the Colonel into a shady recess, where they were perfectly concealed. They could now discern the lady, accompanied by a gentleman of tall stature, and foreign air. They had stopped under a tree before they reached the basin, and were only partly visible, but what was said could be distinctly heard.

“I cannot submit to this concealment, Godfrey,” said Marvel; “it is not right, and is most ungenerous.”

“Did I not say, replied Godfrey, that I must have my way; if any thing occurs, I will make your excuse, — be quiet.”

“I have been seeking you for days,” said the Cavalier, in this dreary solitude, “and am too happy even now to have found you.”

“I am happy too,” said the Lady, “very happy indeed.”

“I am delighted to hear you say so; I knew it was not with your own consent you were snatched away from one who adores you, and will devote his life to make you happy.”

“Will he?” said the Lady; “I knew he would, and I told the Abbess so; now I will tell her that I am so happy.”

“Let us fly from this place; your uncle would marry you to that little urchin, Godfrey, and there is even another stranger who has designs upon you — let us fly! let us fly!”

“I have no wings; my wings are not made yet, though my mother promised them.”

The stranger laughed. “You choose to mistake me; but I will find wings for my love.”

“I had no love but one,” said the Lady; “and he would not love me.”

“I love you with my whole heart, Clara; can you doubt me?”

“Yes, he loves Clara; why need you tell me so, sir.”

The stranger, when he made his last ardent declaration of love, had knelt upon one knee, and pressed the hand of the poor maniac (for she was one) to his lips. He now rose, in great surprise and agitation. “What can this mean?” said he; “are you not Clara De Lacy? for Heaven’s sake, remove that veil.”

“I will remove it by and bye,” said she, “but it is bound round my head by a strong iron

bandage, which presses me so tight, sometimes, that I think my head will burst."

"In the name of God, who are you?" said the stranger.

"You might know me by my feet," said the Lady; "see how they bleed, but it is better that the feet should bleed than the heart."

"This is miserable," said the stranger.

"It is most melancholy, indeed," said the Lady.

"Do you know Clara De Lacy, lady?"

"Oh yes, Clara is good, very good; adieu, sir!"

"Where are you going, lady?"

"I am going to my own house, adieu! they are calling me;" and she ran into the thickest of the wood, with surprising speed.

CHAPTER X.

THE stranger, who had the air of a military man, did not attempt to pursue the fugitive, but stood leaning against a tree, as if doubtful how to act. In this position, Thoriff, who was searching the wood for his master, found him, and springing upon him, fastened his huge tusks in his shoulder. The stranger in vain attempted to shake him off, while he shrieked with pain. A strong whistle from Godfrey brought off the fierce animal, and the stranger turning round beheld Godfrey and Marvel. "Sir," said Lord Southampton (for it was he), addressing Godfrey, "I am indebted to you, I fancy, for this wound in my arm, and had it not been my right arm, I would have known how to make my acknowledgements for it."

"Sir," replied Godfrey, "you are not indebted to me to that extent; you owe to me that the wound is not more serious; that is all; but if you are inclined to make me the acknowledge-

ments you hint for this small service, we can easily put ourselves upon an equality. I shall tie up my right arm, and we can both deal with the left."

"By my faith, a very excellent plan, but unnecessary now to adopt since you disclaim the full extent of obligation that I supposed myself beholden to you. Who are you, sir?"

"My dog, sir, knows my name."

"A very proper depository for such knowledge, — the dog and the master are of kindred breed."

"That is true; we have many dispositions in common, and one is, as you have *felt*, a scorn and hatred of strollers and idle vagabonds."

"Get your bandage ready, sir."

"Good sir," said Godfrey, "I am not at your command; I offered to use the bandage just now, and you declined it; it is my turn now to refuse; I shall hand over this doughty conflict to my dog. Ho! Thoriff; here he is I protest, and Vorvodera at his heels — here, pets, clear the wood of nuisances." The dogs came bounding on in a most terrific style.

"Would you murder me, sir," said Southampton, "a wounded and disabled man?"

"Men that don't desire to die should keep

civil tongues," observed Godfrey. "What brought you here? what is your business in this wood?"

"I do not tell my business to such as you, notwithstanding your dogs."

During this conversation, Southampton had not condescended to recognise Marvel, and the latter had withdrawn to some distance, resolving to watch the proceedings of the parties, and to prevent mischief. In seeking a place of concealment and observation, he met with the original object of his search, Clara. She was sitting on a little seat, at the foot of an oak, the branches of which, bending on both sides to the ground, had made a complete bower. Clara was in tears, her eyes swollen, and her whole appearance discomposed. "For God's sake what is the matter, Clara? what has disturbed you? I will take care to prevent mischief between these gentlemen; nothing shall happen."

"Thank you, Colonel Marvel, but that is not the cause of my grief."

"Are you afraid to fall again into the hands of this English lord, when you are surrounded by your friends, and near your own castle?"

"What shall I do! Oh, what shall I do!" said Clara, in this cruel case; and she burst into

a passion of grief. "Is there any thing I would not do, any sacrifice I would not make?"

Marvel stood gazing at her, in astonishment and alarm. At length she dried her tears, and said, "You have seen that poor maniac, Colonel Marvel, do you know her?"

"I only know, that whoever the unhappy lady was, Lord Southampton, for some time, mistook her for you; it was a strange mistake."

"She wore a thick veil, and was not unlike me in size and shape. It is better you should not know her, for we have both a share in her unhappy malady; I will keep all this sorrow to myself."

Marvel now besought and intreated that he might be permitted to share her grief; and at length he succeeded in learning, that the wanderer in the wood was no other than Mrs. M'Mahon, who had found her way from Glenfinin, no one could tell how, in a state of insanity, to Hi-Lacy; he drew from Clara also the secret, that the source of her malady was disappointed affection, and that the object of her jealousy was Clara, as the object of her unhappy passion was himself. The communion which arose out of this explanation was painful, but it had in it some-

thing to allay its bitterness. They mingled their tears for Mrs. M'Mahon — tears of unfeigned sorrow, with tears of exquisite delight, shed on the first revealing of their loves. Before Clara left her little bower, a full and entire interchange of thought and confidence had taken place, and the parties were avowed and acknowledged lovers. Thus had Marvel laid down at the feet of a younger and a prettier woman the chivalrous constancy, and *eternal* and unchangeable love, which was to have dwelt in his faithful heart, even for a faithless mistress, until time should be no more. He considered with surprise the change which had come upon him, but not with sorrow. He thought he ought not to rejoice in such a vacillation, but he could not avoid being happy, exceedingly happy.

Mrs. M'Mahon was now to be found, and taken care off; and Southampton to be dismissed. Marvel undertook to accomplish both these objects. With Southampton he had no trouble; he found that the noble Lord had left the neighbourhood of the castle precipitately; shocked, perhaps, at the strange scene he had been a party to, or having learned the hopelessness of his suit. Mrs. M'Mahon was

found, with some difficulty, having chosen her retreat in a tangled thicket, of very difficult access, into which it was thought impossible she could have made her way. She was now comfortably lodged in the castle, and attended with great care and tenderness; though Clara did not yet venture to approach her in person. Mrs. M'Mahon turned out to be Godfrey's fairy queen, or elphin lady of the wood, of whom he had himself got a glimpse several times, and his sagacious dog Thoriff oftener. Thoriff's respect and tenderness for the lady had surprised Godfrey, and induced him to believe she was of an unearthly race. But the fact was, that the dog knew her, and treated her as an old friend and acquaintance. When Marvel hinted at this mistake, "If it be a mistake," said Godfrey, "it is a harmless one, and has done no mischief. I dealt with her as a spirit of the air, and did her no injury; it is you, Colonel, and men like you, who deal with the women in the grosser capacity of flesh and blood, that do all the mischief. The lady had become almost the very being I fancied her; she claimed kindred with the moon, poor thing! and it was you who sent her to that cold planet

for comfort — alas, poor lady !” The Colonel looked displeased.

“ Nay, Colonel,” said Godfrey, “ it is so, look as you will ; what selfish beings you gentlemen are, who fall in love, as it is called ! Clara’s face was a little younger, though not prettier, I think. I doubt whether the more mature lady had not the advantage on her side. Those little green unripe things must be sour, I imagine ; they want sweetness and mellowness ; and though the riper fruit drops sooner off the tree, perhaps, that is an advantage too. Better take the widow, Colonel ; I will lay my life you will cure her, and do her more good than her mother moon. Not a word yet, Colonel ;” for he saw that Marvel was impatient to interrupt him. “ Don’t imagine,” continued Godfrey, “ that I mean to divert you from Clara ; take them both if you can manage it, and my blessing. Indeed, I can see no reason why the privileges of the wife-taking gentry have been so grievously abridged in these latter ages ; it was such an amazing change from the liberal and generous allowance given to our biblical ancestors, the Jews. And there is not even a discretionary power lodged any where, not even in the Pope,

to meet a peculiar case of this kind, and to permit a poor fellow, placed in such a dilemma as you are, to satisfy both the ladies. I can't see the sense of it." Godfrey at length ran himself out, and Marvel thought it best to make no observation whatever.

Godfrey's father was now returned to the Castle, and Marvel was to wait upon him and the Lady De Lacy. This lady was a quiet dull person of high rank, of the Anglo-Irish race, tolerably well-looking and middle aged. Hugh De Lacy himself, was a man of great stature and strength, which gave him some popularity with the neighbouring peasants; added to this, he was rude, turbulent, ambitious, and ignorant, and was capable of any kind of knavery, not very shocking or atrocious, which might advance his schemes of aggrandisement. He received Marvel kindly, and acknowledged his obligations for the rescue of his niece, who, he hinted, was the intended wife of his son Godfrey, a marriage which was of the utmost importance to their ancient family. Marvel, he said, would add greatly to the good service he had already performed for his house, if he would be so kind as to use his influence with his son Godfrey, to induce him to think se-

riously of this marriage. Godfrey was a strange young man, had odd fancies and whimsical pursuits, and neglected too much his interest with his cousin. He was a young man of superior capacity and talent, and on that account thought that he might marry whom he pleased, and when he liked ; but you know, Colonel, the women don't like these long delays, not even the young ones, who bear them best.

“I fear my lord,” replied Marvel, “that my acquaintance with your son is too new to permit me to have any influence with him, even if I were disposed to undertake so delicate an office.”

“Not at all ; I know he likes you, and it is a very rare thing for Godfrey to like any one ; and liking is better than long acquaintance. You must oblige me in this, Colonel Marvel ; indeed, I had a view to this favour from you, in seeking the honour of this visit. Marvel bowed. “I knew how much you were interested, continued De Lacy, in the prosperity of my house, and you may rely upon it that neither Godfrey, when he gets sense, nor myself, will forget our obligations.”

“De Lacy pronounced the last words with particular emphasis ; and Marvel was not a little puzzled and confounded at these speeches.”

“The Saxon gentleman, my dear,” said the Lady De Lacy, “will do as you desire, you may rely upon it; what a fortunate thing that Godfrey likes him! he never liked a Saxon before; and, indeed, I could not blame the poor boy.”

“Marvel, who saw himself very awkwardly placed, now protested that he could not on any account venture to interfere in such a business, in any manner whatever; that his visit to Hilacy must be short, and was merely an acknowledgment of the courtesy and politeness due to Lord De Lacy’s rank, and the invitation he had honoured him with.”

“Leave it to me, my Lord,” said the Lady; “the Colonel and I will settle this matter; the Saxons make hard bargains.”

The Lord De Lacy laughed, and said, “he would allow her full powers, and would ratify any treaty she might conclude with his friend the Colonel, — and left the room.”

Marvel looked at the lady’s imperturbable countenance and determined air, and notwithstanding his wounded dignity he could not avoid laughing also.

De Lacy, and his sagacious and high-born help-mate, in discussing the important service which Marvel had performed for *their house*,

could not construe it in any other manner than as an intimation of his anxious wish to be henceforth and for ever their most humble servant and dependant. They had both a thorough contempt for the Saxon adventurers in Ireland, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, and believed them, whatever office they might hold in their new vocation, to be universally mean persons, from the lowest ranks of society ; not, indeed, that either of these exalted personages were at all prepared to admit that any Saxon of any class could approach in the remotest degree the honours and dignities of the De Lacy. It had not at first struck either the Lord or the Lady that they were to be called upon to perform the slightest service for the Saxon Colonel, in return for his labours in persuading their eccentric heir, Godfrey, to marry the rightful owner of their usurped lands ; that he was admitted at Hi-Lacy, and enjoyed the distinction of their notice, appeared to them ample reward for any services which such a person could perform. His opposition to their scheme struck them therefore with surprise ; and they solved the difficulty by recollecting that the Saxons “made hard bargains,” that is to say, that they quired to be paid for what they did, and to

understand clearly what they were to get. The Lady De Lacy thought, that, this being the case, she could make a better bargain than her Lord; and the latter being of the same opinion, left it to her.

“You are aware, Colonel Marvel,” said the lady, “that it is only necessary to turn Godfrey’s uncommon talents into the proper channel, in order that he should reach the highest dignities of the state, and be in full possession of ample power to reward his friends and dependants. But I confess to you, that I despair of turning his attention to these things, unless we soberize him by matrimony in the beginning.”

“Does your Ladyship think that matrimony is an effectual recipe for inducing sobriety?” said Marvel.

“Oh, undoubtedly! It never fails. My Lord De Lacy was the wildest person in the world before marriage.”

“Then your Ladyship will observe, that sobriety, at least when brought about in the way of matrimony, does not always lead to power, even though the subject might be one of the great house of De Lacy.”

This Saxon is a sharp fellow, thought the lady. “True, Colonel,” said she, “very true,

indeed. But I must confess that there were obstacles in the way of my Lord, which would not embarrass Godfrey, when he is married to Clara; things which I need not mention to you, who are a friend of ours, concerning this property. And, indeed, I may say also, to a person in our confidence, like you, that my Lord De Lacy has not the particular talent which politics require."

"Indeed I suspected so much, my lady. — But, being of the house of Hi-Lacy, 'he cannot want talents. Pray, may I ask, in what way is he particularly distinguished?"

"Particularly distinguished! He is distinguished as the head of the house of Hi-Lacy. But, Colonel, concerning the service you propose to do us, by bringing about this match, I assure you —" Here the lady was interrupted by the entrance of Godfrey himself; who, taking Marvel by the arm, dragged him out of the room.

"What could you have been talking about," said Godfrey, "all this time? I have been waiting for you at the tower."

"We have been talking, very reluctantly on my side, about you, and your aversion to matrimony and politics."

“ I thought so. Those two foolish persons talk of nothing else. Now, as to matrimony, I have no particular aversion to it, but it is out of the question for me. My father has a snug scheme of marrying me to Clara ; but I have no intention of assisting his roguery, in seizing her lands. I have pursuits of my own, too, which a wife and children, and such vulgarities, would interfere with. I cannot gratify my papa ; nor indeed is it possible, if I were inclined, for Clara would not have me as a husband, though she likes me well enough as cousin Goddy, and we have a tolerable anti-matrimonial regard for each other. But, do you know that poor M'Dermot is arrived in search of his sister, and in good spirits too, considering every thing. He has seen her, and has not been as much disturbed as we apprehended ; and your old friend, M'Egan, is come nearly at the same instant, though upon another sort of mission. His purpose is to persuade that profound politician, my noble father, to join the Irish belligerents. The Pope's vicar knows his game, and never troubles my papa with arguments upon the justice of the cause, or the oppressions the people suffer, or things of that sort ; but he tells him that Essex is done up, and the English power in this island

on the point of being extinguished for ever ; that O'Neil has twenty thousand horse and foot ; that the Spaniards are coming, and the Pope preparing bulls against heretics, and blessings for all those that turn out," &c. &c. &c.

" Perhaps I ought not to hear this commission of the holy vicar's," said Marvel.

" Oh ! it is no matter. Every one knows that this is the work M'Egan is always employed about. And, as to this particular case, he will not succeed."

" Why not ?"

" Because my father is timid to the last degree, as a politician ; and, though he hates the new English, he distrusts the old Irish also ; so he will not stir. He will be of the side that prevails."

" It is a safe course to take ; and, after all, perhaps as good a one as any other."

" Aye, quite as good, if my father's motives happened to be of another sort from what they are. What are all the idle fooleries, Colonel Marvel, for which we toil and slay, and circumvent each other, but paper and card-houses, which are blown down by the breath of fortune, or overturned by the more sure stroke of death ? There might be some reason in our labours and

crimes, if any thing we could procure was enduring; and, if we could preserve life, and power of enjoyment, beyond a poor passing season, that is gone in the telling."

"I agree with you fully, but I should have looked for such a grave observation rather from M'Dermot, or M'Egan, than you."

"I am more grave than you take me to be, my friend; M'Dermot might have put it better, but the vicar would hardly trouble you with any thing of the sort."

"That is true; in the struggle between the two churches, M'Egan has chosen the arm of the flesh, and M'Dermot that of the spirit. Which will prevail?"

"The arm of the spirit, I think; but I believe M'Dermot is hardly to be counted as a warrior of the church of Rome; nor though an ecclesiastic, do I know well what church he belongs to. I agree with him in not being a partizan of either church, and might say with my favourite Shakspeare, 'A plague on both your religions;' but I rather prefer our old churchmen; they condescended to cajole the people, and that is something; but as for these new knaves, that would thrust their 'reformation' down our throats with fire and sword,

I will not be converted by such a process, nor will the people. They are a kind of mongrel monks, a sort of laico-clerico dealers in theology and women, and they take our goods and chattels too, in a cold, open, barefaced manner. I like our old priests better, for I would rather be tricked out of my money than forced to deliver it up under pain of military execution. But here comes M'Dermot ; we will appeal to him."

CHAPTER XI.

M'DERMOT shook Marvel cordially by the hand ; but was silent. " We were discussing the merits of the two churches, M'Dermot," said Godfrey ; " what say you upon the question ?"

" Excuse me, Godfrey," said M'Dermot ; " I do not pronounce upon their merits. I am of the church of Christ, I hope."

" Nay, my good Father, I have been considering the subject very anxiously of late, and I ask your opinion seriously ; you will not object to Marvel having the benefit of it."

" I can have no objection to the Colonel hearing the little I have to say. I cannot be a member of a church established in this country by violence and bloodshed, such as the reformed church ; I cannot admit that purity of doctrine can be found in a church, whose hands are full of the pillage of the people, and whose sword is red with their blood. On the other hand,

the church of Rome has some similar stains upon her; she is polluted with the blood of the Albigenses, and is defiled with various persecutions. I must be governed by the infallible rule of the Redeemer, and ‘judge of the tree by its fruits.’ ”

“Would you get rid in such a summary way of the high pretensions of the ‘universal bishop?’ ”

“There never was a universal bishop since the days of the apostles, nor during their days, for no one amongst them presumed to be superior to the rest. The title was first assumed at Rome, in the seventh century, although it had been denounced before by Pope Gregory the First, as a sure mark of antichrist, ‘Ego autem fidenter dico,’ says the Pope, ‘quod quisquis se universalem sacerdotem vocat vel vocari desiderat in elatione sua antichristum præcurrit, quia^vsuperbiendo se cæteris præponit.’ The reason given by Gregory is conclusive, according to the scripture doctrine, ‘that the first shall be last.’ He who assumes to be the head of the whole Christian world, cannot be the representative of him who rebuked and condemned such a spirit in his disciples, and taught them very different lessons.”

“ Was not Peter the chief of the apostles, and is not the Pope his successor ?” asked Godfrey.

“ Peter never claimed any such authority. If he possessed any such, it would have been his duty to claim and to exercise it ; but Peter writes himself, only ‘ *an* apostle,’ as any other apostle would have done, and no where assumes any authority beyond it. Now, he is himself the best commentator on those passages in the gospel which refer to him, and his practice is decisive of their meaning. The Pope is the successor of Peter or of Paul, it does not matter which ; other Christian bishops in other places are the successors of others of the apostles. The apostles were all equal, so must their successors be. Any superiority they possessed over their fellows was derived from character only, and this could not be transmitted.”

“ I have but one more question,” said Godfrey. “ Can it be believed that the Founder of the Christian religion would have left us all to grope our way in the dark, without any authority to refer to ?”

“ You may censure him if you please,” said M'Dermot, “ for not having established such an

authority as you think necessary. I have nothing to do with that. I only know that he has established no such authority. If he had done so, we could not be mistaken about it. It would have been as certain and as visible as the temple, and the high priest of the Jews."

"If it be so, I cannot but think it a great defect," observed Godfrey.

"I cannot agree with you. We have the New Testament, and our High Priest is still with us, for he has promised to be present where two or three are met in his name. He has no need of a deputy, and accordingly, unlike the Jews, there is no priesthood set apart, no ceremonies appointed, or provision made for them—no form of worship prescribed in the new law."

"But if the Scripture be our only certain rule, who is to decide upon the genuineness of it? What is to be the test of the rule? and who is to interpret it?"

"What was the test amongst the Jews, regarding their sacred books? was it not the general consent of the Jewish people in all parts of the world? The same is our test in Christendom, the general consent of all Christians in their various denominations. The differences upon this head are so small and inconsiderable,

that no difficulty can arise out of it. And as to interpretation, have all the attempts to establish *an authority*, got rid of the difficulty? There are numerous interpreters; let those who can do so, examine their expositions, and decide for themselves; those who cannot are not accountable."

"There is not much difference between us, Father," said Godfrey; "indeed I have been so displeased with the Roman, and so disgusted with English churches, that I have had some notion of setting up a religion of my own, purer than the Pope's, and not so worldly-minded as the Queen's religion."

"You would cure one mischief by another."

"I would cure two mischiefs by a third, if you choose to call it so."

"You would only add to them. It is the purity of the Christian religion, its want of form, ceremonies, and observances, that is its great obstacle."

"I know that, and therefore I had prepared a plan to meet it; my quadrangular hat, with the green tassels, was to be indispensable in my system, and worn by all my followers; and we were to have a particular mode of speech, and some other little matters of the kind were

to serve merely as a cement for our infant society."

"Not a bad plan; you might easily have established your quadrangular religion, but all this would not be Christianity. The Apostle Paul angrily denounced those who took his name, and yet his name was surely more honourable and safe than that of Rome, or England, or even Godfrey De Lacy."

"Then you don't approve my plan?"

"I can acknowledge no name but that of Christian, because all other is forbidden by the Apostle."

"I had invented a tolerable supply of traditions, and revived some sensible ones of the ancient church, such as those mentioned I think by Tertullian, not to fast or kneel between Easter and Whitsuntide, not to wash for a week after baptism, and to use milk and honey, properly tempered; concerning all which, the holy Tertullian gives very minute instructions. Who could object to us when we could quote the fathers?—quia, 'quod prius est verum est.'"

"But the fathers can be quoted largely against each other;—for instance, St. Hierome says, that 'what men invent and devise of themselves, without authority of the Scripture, as it were by tradition apostolical, the sword of God striketh

down.' Our traditions cannot be proved, they are mere human inventions. The fathers were such men as hardly any thing good could be derived from. Saint Augustin persecuted the Donatists with the utmost cruelty; Cyril slew the Jews and the Novatians; Athanasius — almost all of them, were violent and bloody men, engaged in furious persecutions of each other."

"Well, if I must give up the fathers and the traditions, I could not fail in the miracles — and I had engaged my friend and colleague, Mortough M'Tierney, to perform some of his crack miracles on the occasion."

"I have no doubt you would succeed, Godfrey. What prevented you from carrying this wise plan into execution?"

"One day I was sitting in the garden meditating upon my plan, and it occurred to me that there would be some advantages in turning my quadrangular cap into a pentangular one. I pursued this idea, and the calculation of the advantages of the angles carried me into the depths of mathematics, where I found other mysteries that took me away for the time from the mysteries of religion. Are you fond of metaphysics, Father?"

"To a certain degree, metaphysics are a

rational and almost unavoidable speculation. A rational man will not lose himself in the depths of this great ocean, which was not made for man to fathom."

"Why, M'Dermot, you are grown too wise and rational. What has happened you, man? You used to have a delightful smack of oddity and eccentricity about you. Is it all gone, or merged in that dull thing called reason?"

"Don't be displeased with my rationality; it is but the glimmering of an expiring flame. I am at peace; my reason is calm and tranquil, and my heart is at rest; for I know that my hour is come, and I am about to quit the world. You smile: but it was foretold at our birth, that my sister's destiny and mine were bound together, and that the same warrant from on high would set us both free. She is dying, and I feel that we shall go together, though I have no symptom of death, or even of illness, about me."

"Come, come, M'Dermot; in these fancies I recognise my old friend. I could not part with you; for I will want your aid in arranging my new religion. But now we will talk of something else."

Marvel, who, during this discourse, had been

amusing himself with a book, or seeming to do so, in a distant corner of the room, looked at M'Dermot anxiously, as he spoke of his sister's dissolution, and saw that he was serious and convinced. He saw also, he thought, under all the tranquillity which he displayed, and the health that he boasted of, that the pillars of life were shaken. M'Dermot seemed to him like a ruin, or a great column in the desert, whose base was worn away, but which yet reared its head sublimely in the stillness of the air, and waited only the first breath of wind to lay it prostrate. He could not but feel that his sister was the victim of unrequited attachment; and he trembled to think that he should occasion the deaths of two persons, the most amiable and excellent he had yet met with in the world. This thought was insupportable. What was he to do? Could he renounce the delightful prospects which were opening to him, — to him whose life had been so clouded with sorrow and disappointment? Was he to separate himself from the young and lovely being who had placed her heart in his keeping, and confided in his love? This was too much; and yet, could he look on coldly, and see two so dear to him perish?

From ruminating upon these difficulties, which overcast the dawning of his first day of happiness, he was roused by the announcement of the arrival of a courier from Dublin Castle, bearing commands from Lord Essex. These informed him that the Earl had returned to Dublin from his southern expedition, little pleased, as it appeared, with its result; that he was about to march immediately to the northward, and intended to negotiate, or to fight O'Neil, according as the conduct of this chieftain might determine him. He required Marvel to join him on the march, and give an account of any communication he might have had with Lord Tyrone, and any information as to that Lord's views or preparations, which he might have learned. Finally, the Earl expressed some surprise at Marvel's loitering away his time in this emergency, at Hi-Lacy, the chief of which was at least equivocal in his politics, and at present entertained at his castle a notorious enemy of England, the Pope's vicar. This latter person Marvel was directed to have arrested, and delivered up to the army, which would pass, on its march, at no great distance from Hi-Lacy, so that the enterprise required

no more than a little address, which would be remembered and rewarded.

Marvel was little pleased with the tone of this dispatch, or the commission it imposed upon upon him. He showed it to Godfrey De Lacy ; who, having read it, enquired how he intended to act ?

“ To join Lord Essex without delay,” replied Marvel.

“ And concerning our friend the vicar ?”

“ As to him, I must disobey the Lord Lieutenant. I have lived on friendly terms with M'Egan, and will not betray him. The Queen shall command my sword, but not my honour.”

“ Why, that's well for a Saxon ; but I will relieve your conscience on the point. You could not obey the command.”

“ Why not ?”

“ The vicar was acquainted with this march to the north for some days past, and also that you were to be directed to have him arrested, and he is on his guard, and too well protected to have any thing to fear.”

“ I have no doubt of it. I know that M'Egan's intelligence is very good, and that Lord Essex is circumvented and betrayed on all sides.”

Marvel was not sorry to leave Hi-Lacy at this moment, and to enter upon active pursuits, which might divert his mind from anxious feelings and conflicts. His farewell scene with Clara was full of happiness and consolation, and gave a glowing tint to his meditations, as he journeyed along with his faithful Haughton, once more acting the part of squire.

The brightness of the morning corresponded with the gay colouring of his thoughts, as he traversed the flat grounds stretching from Hi-Lacy, and was about to enter the hilly district to the east of it. Here he soon came in view of the British army, collected as it seemed in a solid mass, on the summit of a yellow hill, like a swarm of bees on a sun-flower. He could not understand their position; and after a moment's pause, he spurred on his horse to join them. But when he looked again, the army were breaking into columns, and descending the hill side in a long tide of war. His military spirit was roused within him, as the glittering arms flashed in the sun, and the gay sound of martial music came upon the breeze.

He soon reached the leading column, and was received by Lord Essex with the kindness

and good humour which were natural to him. The chagrin which appeared to have dictated his letter was gone; it had, probably, been swept away by the excitement and gay spirits which the fine appearance, and rapid movements of his troops again called forth. He was once more in the field, at the head of a well-appointed army, full of anticipated triumph, and anxious to wipe away the stains of their late disasters in the south. In Dublin, Essex felt himself surrounded, by a net-work of chicanery and deceit, which cramped his motions, and vexed his spirit; and though he could not always understand why he was so straightened and annoyed, yet he did not the less feel the reality of the duration in which he was placed.

Essex did not mention his letter, nor advert to the project he had suggested of betraying the legate; but conversed with Marvel chiefly upon the state of the northern provinces, and the views and resources of O'Neil. "It would," said he, "perhaps, be the best thing I could do to fight the northern chief, at all risks and events. A victory would overthrow the faction in Dublin, who persecute me; and confound my English enemies. But I think it much

more for the interest of the kingdom that this chief should be preserved and reconciled. If he has acted wrong, I know what provocation he has received, and I cannot judge him severely. He has much to complain of. But again, Marvel, you will say, perhaps, that we have not come out of the south without some stain upon our feathers, which would need to be brushed off; and that a victory over O'Neil might be worthy even our ambition — well, I know it; it is so. But admitting that O'Neil is our equal in the field of fame, shall we therefore do him wrong only, that we might be his conqueror. I cannot yield to such a motive, nor purchase any advantage to myself, by a sacrifice of honour, and the best interests of the country. But *à propos*, what have you been doing at Hi-Lacy, Marvel? There was a little wild bird, with golden plumage, had made her nest in that old castle. The giant of the castle had been spreading his nets for her; and even I have been assisting a friend to win her to his silken wishes, but all in vain. The lady-bird will hop only upon your finger, and the next hop will be into your bosom. Well, I wish you joy: I would have pre-

ferred Southampton, perhaps, but after him, I rejoice in your good fortune."

Marvel returned thanks, but entered into no explanation of the state of his affairs touching the lady-bird.

CHAPTER XII.

IN a few days the British army appeared on the heights, over the valley of the black water. It was the dawn of day when they reached this point, and as yet a white fleecy exhalation wrapped the river and its wooded banks in its folds. The hills on which the army took its position, were covered with the delicate furze, which is considered indigenous ; and which now appeared to the eye of the morning sheeted with the thin and glittering web of the vainly industrious spider. Column after column brushed the surface of the dewy furze, as they moved into line upon the brow of the hill. After a little while, the river became visible, through its veil of vapour ; the sun beam had descended into the valley, and the scattered exhalation rolled in broken masses up the sides of the opposite declivities, discovering the Irish army posted in the hollows of the hills, and on the flat grounds, by the banks of the river, and

occupying the heights with their gay picquets, distinguished by their little green and white flags.

The British army was now in position, and there was the most profound repose on either bank of the river. As the day became clear, O'Neil's cavalry was seen posted upon a broad green *inch*, which stretched along to the left, until it met the bending of the stream, and was lost to the view. As the line of horse followed the winding of the *inch*, it could only be ascertained that they were very numerous. Nearer, and to the right of the cavalry, was a gentle hill of almost globular form, covered as it seemed with a beautiful purple heath, which, to the wondering eye of the British officers, became animated as the sun rose; and the purple heath sprang up into hardy Scotsmen, who, covered in dark plaids, had been sleeping on the grass. They were the clans of the Sorleboys, father and sons, O'Neil's faithful allies. To the right of the Scots, in a hollow, formed by projecting grounds, were placed the renowned gallow-glasses of the north, drawn up in dense masses, and glittering in their steel and brazen armour; these were O'Neil's main strength, and the pillar of his chieffy. On the right of these

were placed a corps of spearmen of the O'Donnel's, whose motto (as well deserved as by the gallant corps which bears it now), was, in the Irish language, "Clear the way." The command of this corps was on this occasion bestowed as a mark of honour upon Cormac, the brother of O'Neil. On the right of these, and forming the extreme right of the Irish army, were also the far-famed cavalry of the O'Donnel, "The red branch knights," commanded in person by the young O'Donnel, now son-in-law of O'Neil, and the implacable enemy of the British power in Ireland, since Sir John Perrot had taught him to connect it with cruelty and deceit.

"By my faith, it is a gallant army," said Essex, after having carefully reconnoitred it from left to right, "and promises tough work, should we come to blows. What do you say, Marvel, shall we treat, or fight?"

"I had concluded your Lordship had decided to treat," said Marvel.

"Why, so I had, but there is such food for glory on that river's side, it almost shakes my purpose, and makes me wish for the combat."

"That consideration alone, my Lord, would hardly, I should think, determine you."

“ Why, no — and I might as well act upon my own views of humanity and sound policy, for I shall be sure to be misrepresented and maligned, act how I may. The Queen has been prejudiced against me; would you believe it, Marvel? but I think I shall make my peace without much difficulty, when I see her Majesty: she cannot surely be displeased if I obey her own repeated commands, and make peace, on terms suited to her power and dignity. If this proud Irishman offers us such terms, assuredly I will not reject them for the glory of killing a few hundreds, or thousands, of these fine fellows over, or even the distinction of ruining and ravaging the country; I will leave such exploits for your friend, the Marshal. Essex will never possess a foot of forfeited land in Ireland.”

During this conversation, Essex had taken his station about the centre of the British army, and in front of it. His train of officers, which had been few during his inspection of the Irish force, was now greatly increased; and looking round upon the gay nobility that encompassed him, “ Here, gentlemen,” said he, “ if, as they say, we have tarnished our plumes in the south, here is a dewy spot to wash them in.” This

intimation of an approaching contest was received with a hearty cheer, which was heard on the opposite side of the water, where O'Neil's gallowglasses raised the wild war shout of their country, which was taken up by the Scotch, and echoed by the cavalry on both wings — there was a loud and vigorous response by the whole British army.

When the echoes of this war of sounds had died away, Essex broke from his station, and followed by his train of officers, rode slowly towards the bank of the river inclining to the right. He was mounted on a tall white charger, superbly caparisoned, and was dressed in a plain suit of scarlet, ornamented only with a broad red ribbon round the neck, from which was suspended a miniature picture of the Queen, and under it a splendid cross of brilliants, also a present from her Majesty. On his head he wore a helmet of plain polished steel, without a feather, and fastened under the chin with a broad band of steel chain. He was the most graceful and warlike figure of the crowd. As the cavalcade moved slowly along, Essex leading the way, the files of the gallowglasses were seen to open to the right and left, and a train of Irish officers issued from the mass, riding at a

smart pace. When they had quite cleared the columns, the foremost rider checked his horse, and the others reined up round him as they came up.

Essex turned round to Marvel, and asked, "who was that who just now rode in front of the group?"

"It is O'Neil," answered Marvel; "I cannot mistake him."

O'Neil was mounted on a grey charger, which he managed with the ease and grace for which he was remarkable. He wore a low bonnet, nearly covered with green plumes, fastened with a single star of brilliants; a loose robe of saffron-coloured silk, confined by a green scarf, which was wound gracefully round the the body. O'Neil had less of stateliness than Essex, without any loss of dignity. The one had much of the air of an Asiatic, or Arab prince, at the head of his clan, the least of whom could claim kindred with him; the other looked the representative of the solitary pride and unsocial reserve of Europe.

O'Neil seemed to watch the movements of Essex and his officers; at length he rode slowly forward, followed by his train, and moving in a parallel line on his side the river.

Essex halted ; and O'Neil continued his course till he arrived opposite to the British general, when, beckoning to his officers, they drew up on the bank, and the chief himself plunged boldly into the river, and breasting the rapid tide with all the strength and vigour of the noble animal that carried him, sometimes swimming, sometimes walking, he gained at length the opposite shore where Essex had condescended to place the fore-feet of his horse in the water, as the utmost movement towards meeting the enterprising chief which his dignity could permit.

O'Neil raised his bonnet from his head, and saluted Lord Essex with a graceful and respectful courtesy, which the British Lord returned with a stately bow. The Irish chief was alone, and Lord Essex, as if to meet him upon equal terms, motioned to his officers to stand fast, while he turned his horse's head, and they rode slowly together, and unattended, down the winding bank of the river to the right.

The attention of both armies was fixed upon this proceeding. The British officers were appalled at the bold step which O'Neil had taken ; they feared him more in conference with Essex, than opposed to him in the field. On the other

side, the Irish were confounded at what they considered an unpardonable condescension in THE O'NEIL. His son-in-law, O'Donnel, was indignant beyond measure. "Why should O'Neil," said he, "stoop to the old woman's favourite? but he is always full of his schemes of policy and management. I never knew any good come of this temporising; let us fight this pompous fellow, and his army of peacocks; I will lay my life we will make another pass of plumes of it. "I dinna, doubt," said old Sorleboy, "that the 'red branch' lads would be the first in the fight, and the last out of it; but 'tis no sic easy matter either to put these braw chields yonder to the right about."

"What!" said O'Donnel, "Sorleboy despair with four thousand kilts at his back?"

"Na, na!" said the Scot; "I did na say despair; we have nae sic Scottish word: I only say, it would be a hard lug, that's all."

"And so much the better, father," said O'Moore. "I know what it is to fight the best of them; and though it is hard work, as you say, to put them to the right about, yet I have done it, as you know."

"And that you may say, O'Moore," answered Sorleboy; "but fair and softly, gentlemen. O'Neil

kens weel what he is about, and when it comes to fighting he will know what to do, and we will all of us do our duty, I warrant. Let O'Neil gang his ain gait; it costs nothing, look ye, to make a bow and a scrape, or so, and O'Neil will not 'bate him the breadth of his *skein's* point for all that; ye may trust him, gentlemen, with the management of that Queen's plaything, on my honour ye may."

The chiefs and commanders laughed, and were reconciled somewhat by old Sorleboy's reasoning to the step O'Neil had taken.

On the other side of the river, this extraordinary conference of Essex with O'Neil was also the subject of conversation and debate amongst the group of officers and aid-de-camps, which the Earl had commanded to wait while he rode on with the Irish Chief. The proceeding had given as much offence and displeasure on the English, as the Irish side of the water. It was agreed that there would be no fighting; and this alone was grief and mortification enough, "The vain Earl would assuredly become the dupe of the crafty Irishman, and this last act of imprudence would ruin him for ever with the Queen, and probably put a period to his administration in Ireland." All pitied Essex, and

cursed and admired O'Neil, who had crossed the rapid stream of the Black Water, as if despising danger in his eagerness to meet and pay his respects to the Queen's representative; while in truth it was known that he did not consider Essex worthy to wipe the dust from his shoes, or his royal mistress as any thing more than his equal.

Essex and O'Neil, who had passed beyond the bending of the river, and had been for a short time out of sight, were now seen returning. The former, as soon as he came in sight of his officers, made signal for them to join, and his whole train rode up at a brisk trot. He introduced the Irish chief to some of his principal officers, and stated aloud, "that the Lord Tyrone, being anxious to re-establish the peace of the kingdom, he had determined to adhere to the Queen's commands, and open a conference regularly; that his just complaints against the Queen's officers, if any, may be heard and redressed; and that justice being done him, he may hereafter be a bulwark to secure the Queen's peace in the north of the island, rather than be the very head and fountain of danger in the land, as he had been lately."

O'Neil having suffered this short interview to

pass, that he might show his confidence in Essex's honour, now remembered his dignity, and made signal for his officers to join him. — They soon passed the river, and mingling with Lord Essex's train, rode through the British lines. Afterwards the Irish chief and his officers took their leave, and re-crossed the river.

Both armies were discontented, but especially the English troops. These had anxiously desired an opportunity to restore the lustre of their honour, tarnished in the south; and they could not conceal their vexation, at seeing O'Neil, Tyrrel, and O'Moore, who had so lately triumphed over them, now about to negotiate upon terms of perfect equality, and riding leisurely along their lines. Many, too, had not only hoped to restore their injured fame, but their broken fortunes also. To these it was misery to march back to Dublin, as poor as they had marched out of it.

Notwithstanding all these considerations, commissioners were appointed on both sides, and conferences were opened the following day in great form. Essex presided. The commissioners on the part of the Queen were, Southampton, Marvel, and Sir Henry Blount; on the part of O'Neil, were O'Moore, Sorleboy, and

Tyrrel. O'Neil stated his own grievances, and those of his country. He began with the latter; first touching those affecting the religion he professed, in common with most of his countrymen. He drew a lamentable picture of the disorders which prevailed every where, in consequence of the violence practised by the intrusive clergy: violences which came home but too strongly to his own heart and feelings, who was, and ever would be, a true son of the universal mother church."

"You!" said Essex, impatiently: "by my honour, my lord, you have as little regard for religion as my horse."

"Nay, most gracious earl," said O'Neil, suppressing a smile; "if it were even so, the hardship is not the less upon the country. I state notorious facts. But I will now trouble you with some few grievances of another kind." — He then referred to the oppressions of Fitzwilliam; the exactions of Bagnal; the confiscations which were contrived, and the murders which were committed under colour of law. He dwelt upon the wicked persecution of the M'Mahon's; the chief of the sept executed as a felon, and his territory seized and confiscated for the benefit of his murderers; while it was

admitted on all hands, that the shadow of a crime could not be proved against him ; yet his lands were still in the possession of those who were guilty of his death, and not an acre had been restored to his family. From this, and various other instances of the kind, he passed to the injuries he had himself suffered, and was suffering ; the efforts which the officers of the crown had, since his restoration to his paternal dignity and estates, been constantly making to drive him to extremity with her Majesty, in the hope of sharing the spoil of his property. He showed how he had steadily resisted these attempts, and would have continued his allegiance unimpaired, if his correspondence with the Queen had not been treacherously and treasonably intercepted, by Marshal Bagnal ; that this, and the murder of M'Mahon, and the confiscation of his estates, were the real causes of the present war ; that no more was necessary to the restoration of peace, than that justice should be done upon the perpetrators of those crimes, and security given that such as these should not occur again. Upon the subject of religion, he would not undertake to decide whether the creed of Rome, or that of England, was the better, but he would humbly propose,

that as long as the people continued attached to the former faith, their clergy should be permitted to remain in peaceable possession of their livings, and of those lands which had been granted to them by the Irish princes. "Send," said he, "your new clergy, if you will, amongst the people; let them preach their reformed doctrine. The Irish nobles will undertake for their safety and accommodation; they shall not be molested. And, when they have converted the people, then let them have the benefices also. But I humbly conceive that her Majesty is beginning at the wrong end, in suffering the new pastors to seize, in the first instance, upon the fleece: assuredly they will neglect the flock. It may be true, as your Lordship remarked, a short time since, that I am not a religious man; but I know that it is the genius of Christianity to use no violence, even in promoting its own objects. The Irish have ever been a religious people, and if I have little feeling on this score myself, I have much for my country. Nay, my Lord, allow me to press this point upon grounds of policy, upon principles of humanity, upon —"

Here a messenger entered the tent, where this discussion was held, and handed O'Neil a note; he took it, and broke it open; a deadly

paleness spread itself over his countenance, as he read the few words it contained; his lip quivered; he attempted to speak, but the words died away, and were inaudible. At length he resumed, in a low tone of voice, indicating strong emotion, violently suppressed. "I was about to press upon your Lordship, with all the energy I was master of, the evils which must flow in upon this country, if the system be persevered in of establishing throughout the land a clergy, professing a religion differing from that of the people. An intrusive priesthood, whose title to their livings is but the strong hand by which they obtained them, and —" Here O'Neil, who was standing at the end of the table, turned round upon his heel, and it was not perceived that this was an involuntary movement, till he fell back upon the ground. Tyrrel had attempted to catch him in his arms, but failing, had nearly upset the table. This event put an end to the conference. O'Neil was carried out of the tent, in the arms of his officers, and recovered slowly, in the open air.

The note which had been handed to him in the tent, announced the death of his wife, who had been languishing for a long period. She had been stricken to the heart by the cruelty and

persecutions of her brother, and yielded, at length, to the anguish this had occasioned. O'Neil, though long prepared for this, felt the stroke acutely, and the effort he made to suppress his feelings but added to their force.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER a few days, terms of peace were drawn up by the Commissioners, and signed by Essex and O'Neil, subject to the Queen's approval; added to these also, were some regulations upon the great subject of the contending creeds, which it was hoped might seem reasonable to her Majesty.

These things being adjusted, O'Neil broke up from his position on the Black Water, and marching upon Dungannon, halted, to perform the funeral service of his wife, while Essex's disconsolate army took its way to the south. Marvel was deeply affected by the death of Lady Tyrone: the long cherished feelings of his infancy, the fond affections of his ripening years, with which her name and memory were associated, all now flowed in upon his heart, with a tide of strong and tumultuous emotions that was irresistible, like the winter's torrent re-visiting in all its power the long unused pathway of its

waters, which the wind only had swept for a season. Marvel had given his heart up to the anguish and bliss of his first recollections, and was moving mechanically with the column he was attached to, but wholly insensible to its progress or direction, when he suddenly recollected that he was now on the very spot where, a few weeks before, he had joined the Lord Lieutenant on his march to the north. This brought to his mind his later engagements at Hi-Lacy, with all their sweetness and freshness about them. But he would not now yield to these impressions; the present time was sacred to sorrow, and he resolutely shut his heart to all other emotions. As he mentally made this resolve, his attention was attracted by a man, whose air and manner had something in it that was familiar to him; he was a beggar, and covered with a great quantity of clothes, and cloaks, all curiously wrought of innumerable patches of various colours; from the size and gait of the man, and the sturdy and resolute step with which he kept pace with the column, he thought he could be no other than his old friend M'Tierney.

But in this he was mistaken. The man was one of M'Tierney's school, but was another and

inferior practitioner. Marvel, however, knew enough of this class of persons, to know that he was not there for nothing, and he resolved to ascertain his business. He alighted, and joined the beggar, who kept steadily at some distance from the soldiers, on the right of the column.

As Marvel approached him, the beggar stretched out his hand, and besought an alms. Marvel gave him a few pence, and then asked "what such a person as he could intend by marching with the army?"

The beggar replied, that he was "a lone and solitary being in the world, without kin or kindred, and compelled to travel, in order to obtain a scanty subsistence. The soldiers will not injure me," said he, "and there are robbers on these roads who would not spare me, old and miserable as I am; and even these tattered rags would be a loss to one who could not replace them."

"I should have thought," said Marvel, "that your sacred profession of a pilgrim would be a protection even against those who would not respect your age and poverty."

"Alas!" said the old man, "they sometimes take me for a spy, God help me! who am hardly able to see my way with these old eyes; and

sometimes the Saxons think that I am a messenger from the Irish, when I am hardly able to crawl. It is but a few weeks since General Bagnal, (God forgive him !) was on the point of hanging this old carcase up to a tree, on the false accusation of being an errand carrier of the prior M'Egan. God preserve me from falling into the hands of that wicked man ; he had made me suffer enough before."

"How could Marshal Bagnal have injured you?"

"My story is a short one," replied the beggar. "Three years ago, I was a happy man. I had a comfortable cottage on the bog side, with a plentiful supply of turf for the winter, and feeding for two *collop* in the summer season, and M'Carty More charged no rent to his old follower, (I am a south-countryman, your honour,) when Marshal Bagnal marched into our lands, and encamped on the border of the bog. The Saxons burned my turf, and eat my cattle; one of their sergeants took away my daughter; my son was killed in a quarrel concerning the poor girl; my wife died of grief soon after; and I left my desolate house to do penance for my sins at Skelig."

“Why, I think you had suffered enough, and needed no additional penance.”

“I had suffered, God help me! but they were my sins, no doubt, that had brought these judgments upon me, though I was not worse than other people of my sort: I was a wild man in my youth.”

“I have heard of Skelig,” said Marvel: — “you are rather too old, I think, to reach the summit of that steep rock.”

“I gained the top,” said the beggar, “in safety, and kissed the cross that projected over the deep waves.”

“And you are now prepared for death, or any accident of life?”

“I am ready to die, or to live, as my Redeemer pleaseth. What is your name, your honour?”

“My name is Marvel.”

“Marvel! — There is a Colonel of that name in the Saxon army, I think.”

“I am the man!”

“Colonel Charles Marvel?”

“I am the man!”

“If your honour would please to give me a token,” said the beggar, “I could tell you something.”

“What do you require, my good friend?”

“What happened to Colonel Marvel after the defeat at Armagh, by O'Moore?”

“He was wounded, and conveyed with M'Egan and others to the convent at Glenfinin.”

“I have a letter for your honour,” said the beggar; “let us cross this ditch, and I will lay down my pack, and give it to you.”

They crossed the ditch accordingly; and the beggar, taking off his pack and tattered cloak, discovered a waistcoat underneath rather in a better condition, and under this a second garment, from a pocket in which he produced a knife, and proceeded to rip the waistcoat as if he would have taken it all to pieces. He soon produced a packet of letters from between the linings, and selecting one marked with two crosses, he presented it to the Colonel. He continued his search a little further, and produced a second letter, marked with a horse-shoe, which he also gave him.

“So, I perceive,” said the Colonel, “that those who charged you with carrying despatches were not mistaken.”

“God help us!” said the beggar, “we must do something in return for those who give us alms. Colonel Marvel is too good to injure a

poor man who only brings him a letter from a friend."

"With me you are safe. But I see you have other letters; and I would have you to be cautious how you deliver them, particularly if you go to Dublin."

"Let me alone, for caution," said the old man; "I will manage that matter, I promise you." Some officers now appeared crossing the field where these parties were conversing. Marvel deposited his letters in his bosom, and the old mendicant put himself in an attitude of supplication.

Marvel lost no time in looking into these letters, so oddly conveyed to his hands. One was from his friend, Alderman Bradly; the other, and far the more interesting epistle, was from his dearer friend Clara de Lacy.

It informed him, that since his departure from Hi-Lacy, all her time and attention, and all her solicitude and care, had been devoted to Mrs. M'Mahon, and her brother. And at one time she hoped that her care was not in vain. Towards morning, on the tenth day, she had left Mrs. M'Mahon in a quiet slumber, the first tranquil sleep she had enjoyed for a long time, and retired to indulge herself with a short in-

terval of repose. She slept longer than she had intended, and when she hastened again to the patient's chamber, she found her still asleep. Clara took a seat by her bed side. After a little time the sick woman opened her eyes, and reached her hand to her. "What do I not owe you, my sweet friend," said she, "who have so kindly and anxiously attended me in this melancholy dream? It was all a dream, a sad, sad dream, but I recollect perfectly all your care and goodness." Clara replied, by the fondest caresses, while tears of joy flowed abundantly down her cheeks. Mrs. M'Mahon was, in fact, restored to her reason. Her fever had left her, but her strength seemed quite exhausted; her cheek was sunk and of a livid paleness, and her eye was dim and heavy.

To Clara's enquiries, she answered, "that she felt free from all pain; but that she was sure her dissolution was at hand, and this feeling was full of happiness. She would bow with all humility to the will of God, and if it pleased the Father of spirits to call her home, she would gladly obey the summons. Her home had never been in this world; she had found no rest in it; trouble and sorrow had been her only portion."

“Do not speak so, dear Mrs. M‘Mahon,” said Clara; “there are yet many years of happiness in store for you.”

“No, my dear, no,” said the patient; “happy, very happy years, I have no doubt, await *you*; but I have done with the world, quite done; happiness and I were never acquainted, and now it is too late; rather aid me, dear Clara, to prepare for the change which is at hand, and comfort my poor brother, whom I shall leave alone in the world. Oh! how I lament, that I could by any selfish and foolish vision of my weak and erring fancy, have added for one instant to the weight of sorrow that oppressed him. My brother, my dear, dear brother, how ill I have repaid all your kind and generous care! Oh! Clara, I am a guilty creature.”

Clara renewed her caresses, and strove to sooth and comfort her, and in a short time she was composed and fell asleep again. Clara now stole away from her friend, to acquaint her brother with the happy restoration of his sister’s reason. M‘Dermot had been anxiously waiting for the morning’s report of her health, and received the communication with eyes lifted up to Heaven in thankfulness. After an instant he asked to be admitted to see her. “She is

in a quiet slumber," said Clara, "but you may steal to her bed side."

M'Dermot, when he saw his sister, was strongly affected by the appalling changes which a few days had wrought on her fine features; they were the same, indeed, but as if blasted by some foul wind, she lay like the delicate flower when the breath of the desert had passed over it. He clasped his hands upon his bosom, and despair took possession of his soul. The sick woman awoke at this instant, and fixed her eyes upon her brother's face, with an expression almost as intense, but of another sort.

"You are shocked, Cormac," said she, "at the change which you see in me; but why, my dear brother? It is true the hand of death is upon me, and you would not, surely, regret my near approach to peace and happiness. Death is no strange visitor to the house of M'Dermot. Are we not houseless and homeless, Cormac, in the land of our fathers? has not the sword of the stranger drank the life blood of our race? and is it not well, to be relieved from this bondage and dependance?"

M'Dermot shook his head mournfully, as if he would have said, this is true, indeed, but this is not all. He took his sister's hand and

pressed it to his lips, then to his heart. "I had thought, Maud," said he, "that in the wreck of our family, you might have been spared to me to cheer, for a little space, the short path between me and the grave. But this was too much. The last withered branch of our family is doomed to perish alone, and to die in solitude, and it is right that this should be the end. There is another world, my dear sister, where the stranger does not intrude, and the affections do not kill."

The eye of the patient was illuminated for an instant, as if she would have sought in her brother's soul, for the source of this last remark.

He hastened to add, "You see, Maud, I do not deceive you with hopes of life, nor does this death of my only sister and relative shock me so much; for I am one also standing on the brink of the grave, and the earth that shall cover my dearest Maud, shall be spread over me, before it is yet dry."

"Oh! say not so, dear Cormac; you have been good, very good, and may yet be a benefactor to many in the world, and an example; but you know not how weak and wicked I have been, and what criminal thoughts I have che-

rished in my heart. I dreamed last night, Cormac, that I walked with our father in the green fields and gardens of paradise, and talked of you and of all our brothers and sisters; and then a storm arose, and some how we were separated; and after a little time, I found myself upon the shore of the sea; it was a boundless ocean. I was alone upon the shore, and while I listened to the howling of the wind, and marked the white surf upon the rolling wave, I saw a boat approach where I stood. It was black, and was rowed by a figure having two black oars; and when the boat came near me, I saw that there was a coffin on board, and my name was written on it. Then the figure rose, and invited me into the boat, and I knew that it was old M'Tilly, the ancient servant of our house, who warns the children of Dermid of impending fate. I thought I was delighted to see him, and went joyfully into the boat; but when I was seated in the stern, new thoughts and sensations came upon my mind; the prospect widened around me, it was vast, inconceivably vast. You know, Cormac, that we were accustomed to the wide expanse of the ocean, when we used to gaze for hours from the battlements of our father's house, which hung over the Atlantic.

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But the prospect was trifling, compared with what I beheld in M'Tilly's boat. I was sensible of new powers of vision, not circumscribed as before by the clouds that mark the horizon. Oh, I cannot tell you how vast the ocean was upon which I sailed, for human eye had never before taken in such immensity of space. It was awful, and my heart sank within me. Then I heard a voice near me, which bade me, in the gentlest accents, not to fear, for that this dark ocean was but a little part of the immense creation of the universal Father. I turned, and it was one like our eldest brother that sat near me in the boat, but though like, I thought that still there was a difference, and as I looked embarrassed, he smiled, and said, 'Yes, I am he, sent to guard you in the passage over the great waters,' and he reached me his hand, and I awoke. And you know, Cormac, that our family have always had warning of their death; and was not this dream a warning indeed? And indeed, Cormac, I am ready — my only grief is for you, whom I leave so lonely and desolate."

"Let not that trouble you, Maud," said M'Dermot, "for we shall go together. No warning, indeed, has been vouchsafed to me;

but I know, nevertheless, that my hour is at hand, and that, as we have been companions in life, so in death we shall not be separated."

The dying woman looked at her brother, as if she thought that this was no more than the language of strong affection; she said nothing, for her strength was exhausted. Her hand was in her brother's, and her eyes were fondly fixed upon his face — she closed them gradually and gently, and ceased to breathe. Her brother saw that she was no more, he was kneeling at her bedside; there was no tear in his eye, no motion even of the lip. He continued to hold her hand. Clara had left the room, and the servants of the household crowded in, officiously; they did not approach the bed; but stood in a wide circle round it. There was the most profound stillness. The servants hardly breathed. M'Dermot had bowed his head on his sister's lifeless hand. It was a long and awful pause! He did not raise his head again, and when, at length, the affectionate domestics thought it right to rouse him from this deep agony of grief, it was discovered that he had indeed accompanied his beloved sister. M'Dermot was dead."

Clara's letter which contained these particulars in another form, abounded also with the overflowings of her own innocent and affectionate heart ; now rejoicing without reserve in the bright prospects of a fortunate and happy love, now mourning with unaffected grief and anguish over the fate of the brother and the sister, and accusing herself as the cause of this awful calamity ; yet from the very depths of her affliction, her passion drew new sweetness, as that which has been purchased dearly is the more highly prized for the sacrifice it has cost.

Marvel's sufferings were greatly increased by the intelligence contained in this letter. He had not, when he received it, recovered the composure of his mind, so recently disturbed by the death of Lady Tyrone ; and the tragical deaths of two persons, so much beloved, completely overthrew his fortitude. Marvel was a man of courage and firm purpose ; but his heart was soft, and open to gentle and kind impressions. That he should have been instrumental to the death of two of the most amiable persons he had ever known, was a consideration which struck upon his soul with the power of a thunderbolt, withering and prostrating his faculties.

Even the gentle and affectionate love of Clara could not rouse or animate his feelings. He was stupified with misery. It was very long before a ray of gentler and more cheering sensation broke in upon the clouded and suffering mind of Marvel. But at length the image of the young Clara de Lacy, overwhelmed with grief, and sustaining alone the weight of sorrow which was almost too great for his understanding, and deriving her only hope and consolation from the pure and sacred love which united them, rose over the dark and confused mass of his thoughts, and brought light and order out of the chaos.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER a while, he ventured to open the despatch from his old friend Alderman Bradly. He was surprised to find that it was chiefly a letter of advice, written in a style of the most earnest and anxious friendship; but avoiding, throughout, the least allusion to the unsettled accounts of the late George Marvel, merchant and chapman. In lieu of this omission, the privy counsellor favoured the Colonel with various political opinions and speculations; the sum of which was, that the late transactions in the north had, in the opinions of all well-judging men, completely ruined the Earl of Essex with the Queen. "If it could be even imagined," said Bradly, "that he had acted from the purest motives, and with the soundest views, still, driven to bay as he was by his enemies, his conduct was weak and foolish in the last degree. Essex was in the toils of the hunters which had pursued him for a long period, and now their

triumph was complete. It was monstrous to make peace, upon any principle, with the man whose power was too great for the security of the English interest in Ireland; and at a time, too, when the English arms were tarnished; when Essex had suffered defeat from the very Lieutenant of this chief. Then, the terms of this treaty actually admitted the hardships which this proud Irishman complained of; — could such a thing be endured? But what *clinches* the business,” said the Alderman, “is the private conference which Essex had with O’Neil, on the bank of the Blackwater. This will bear any construction we may think proper to put upon it, and the parties can produce no witness to disprove our exposition. He is caught! he is caught!” exclaimed Bradly, “and the game is now in our hands. Oh! what it is to have to do with one of those high-minded fools who scorn to defend themselves, and rely wholly upon their character and honour! And now, young Mr. Marvel, my duty to my old patron and benefactor, as well as a real regard for yourself, compels me to warn you against this very fault.

“You rely, in all cases, for your advancement in the world, upon your character and

merit; and it is true, that if character and merit were the things to win advancement, you would not fail to obtain it. But they are not, Mr. Marvel. Now and then, perhaps, they do something; but rarely. Look about you, man, and use your own eyes. Where do you see this character and merit making way to high station or large fortune, of their own mere force? Were they those qualities which pushed on your friend and school-fellow Bagnal, and made him Lord Marshal? Are they not those qualities which have kept *you* ever in the back ground; and, spite of your acknowledged military reputation, almost always unemployed? — Even Essex, the great patron of honour and talent, has done nothing for you; and I have myself found your good name, and strictness of principle, as they call it, a stumbling-block in my way, whenever I thought to do you a good turn. Take my advice, and choose your path a little nearer the common highway in which we are all scrambling, and in which alone the good things are to be found. There may be other countries in which the qualities you pride yourself upon may bring their price, (though I doubt it,) but if there be such a country, Ireland is not it. Knavery is the only prime commodity

for this market; and though you will not, I suppose, deal in it, yet you should bring to the mart some article of a merchantable quality, and the nearer you can bring it to the staple the better.

“ You think the time will come when we shall be honest in Ireland. That time must be pretty distant; for it will not come as long as government has any thing to give, or the Irish any thing that may be taken from them.”

This curious epistle rather amused Marvel, and relieved the heaviness of his heart. He concurred fully with the writer in thinking, that Essex was in great danger, and that he relied perhaps too much upon his own integrity and the Queen's favour, and therefore disdained to avoid the appearances of wrong. As he folded it up, and was about returning it to his pocket-book, he perceived a short postscript, which he had before overlooked, written in very small characters in the corner of the paper. This informed him, that “ the Alderman had other important secrets to communicate, which could not be safely committed to paper, and he proposed to meet the Colonel at the ‘ Three Crosses,’ at Kilmainham, on the fifteenth of the month, where he would be sure to find him, and which

point it would be easy for the Colonel to reach, by diverging a little from the line of march, as the army approached Dublin."

Marvel had no hesitation in resolving to keep this appointment. He knew that Bradly was in the secrets of the party, who were working to overthrow the Lord Lieutenant, and to re-establish the system of pillage and corruption, which his arrival had interrupted.

Two days after this, the army being then in the neighbourhood of Dublin, Marvel quitted the line of march, and, attended only by Haughton, took his way by a long, narrow winding lane, towards the "Three Crosses." He had been directed this way by a peasant from whom he had inquired the nearest route to Kilmainham, and who informed him, at the same time, that the distance by this *boureen* was about half a mile. The lane, however, appeared to Marvel to be interminable: he had already traversed, he thought, about six half miles of it, and as he repeatedly inquired his way whenever he happened to meet a countryman, the half mile was still before him, and no more. At length, after more than two hours travelling, he reached the termination of this half-mile lane, and found it open into a sort of common, where

an immense crowd of country people were assembled. He doubted whether, as a British officer, it would be prudent to attempt to traverse this crowd; but it was now too late to recede, and it might be still more dangerous to hesitate. He inquired his way to the "Three Crosses," and was told it was a small public house in the hollow at the other side of the Green. As he moved in this direction, he perceived that a long line of tents stretched by the low ground towards the "Public," all ornamented with flags flying upon poles, and crosses of various colours elevated in the same manner, and displaying emblems of the good cheer they promised to the jovial assemblage of the field.

It was the feast of Saint Barnabas of the Holy Cross, and his *well* was situated in a gentle declivity in the hollow way, and this was the day when the Saint, according to the ancient and infallible tradition of the church, left his happy mansion, in paradise, and attended at Kilmainham to cure the half drunken votaries of the spring of their various ailments. Marvel thought it most extraordinary that such a well-known character as Alderman Bradly should have proposed this time and place for meeting him, but he proceeded boldly to make his way

through the crowd, which became more dense every step, as he drew near the place of his destination.

Marvel at length reached the door of the "Three Crosses," which was a low thatched house, but large, and covering a considerable extent of ground, having the appearance of a number of sheds piled together at different periods. He gave his horse to Haughton, and entered the door by stooping very low. A middle aged woman, of comely appearance, stood behind a narrow counter to the left, busily engaged in giving directions to a number of ragged boys, who were employed attending the customers of the house; at the end of the counter, a grave, fat, oldish man stood with his arms folded, looking indolently upon the scene before him, but without interfering in any way. Marvel asked this latter personage if he could speak with the mistress of the house, and he replied by nodding his head towards the lady who stood behind the counter. The lady, who had heard the enquiry, courtesied when Marvel turned towards her, as a confirmation of the intelligence conveyed by the nod.

Marvel motioned that his communication must be in private; and the lady immediately

led him to a small recess, formed by various barrels and kegs of ale and strong liquor piled together in an irregular manner, but so as to inclose a space, which was lighted by a very small window looking out on the green. Here Marvel made his enquiry concerning Alderman Bradly, and was informed that he was in the house, but in a state of concealment, and suffering no small apprehension of being discovered ; in which case, said the landlady, I would not answer for his life, for he is well known in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

“ And what could have induced him to come to such a place and on such a day ? ”

“ As to that, sir, the alderman often comes to our house, and, let every one praise the bridge as he goes over it, we have no reason to find fault with the alderman, who ever else may.”

“ But what brings him to your house, my good woman ? ”

“ A body may have a little secret you know sir, that is not to be told in the fair place. Howsomever this was an unlucky day to come ; but the alderman forgot the Saint’s day.”

“ Oh, my good woman, if it be a secret I shall not enquire into it : —but pray let me see Mr. Bradly ; I have business with him.”

The landlady led Marvel into an inner room, about eight feet square, and upon one side of which only it was practicable to stand upright. Here the alderman was seated at a small table, with a mug of ale before him, and smoking a pipe. Though the privy-counsellor preserved a great external air of tranquillity, and puffed the odorous smoke with great steadiness and solemnity, yet Marvel observed, that there was an uneasy twinkle about the eye, and a quiver about the lip, when the pipe was for an instant dislodged, which announced an acute sense of danger.

The alderman's eyes sparkled with pleasure when he saw the Colonel enter. "This is a cursed scrape we have got into here, Colonel," said he; "who could have thought of all these Popish savages being on the very spot where we were to meet? Are the soldiers near us?"

"They are a day's march from us, I think," replied Marvel.

"That's unlucky, we must even stay where we are till night, and then try and get away. But how did you make your way through this mob, with whole bones? had you any soldiers with you?"

“ I had only Haughton, who is now at the door, and we were neither of us molested.”

“ At the door, Colonel ! for God’s sake let him be called in. These Irish are as inquisitive as Belzebub, and will want to be finding out what you came here about, and then I shall be discovered. Good gracious, that you should be so thoughtless !”

The alderman’s hand shook with excess of trepidation, as he laid his pipe on the table, and broke it; and Colonel Marvel concurred with him in thinking, that there might be danger in the case. He therefore stepped out, and called the landlady, and requested that the horses should be put up, and his man Haughton taken into the house, and provided for, somewhere out of sight. When this arrangement was made, the alderman resumed his composure, and Marvel requested he would indulge him with the communications he had given him reason to expect.

“ I have always taken a deep interest in you, Colonel Marvel,” said the alderman, as he stepped to the door, and called the landlady to send him a fresh pipe, “ for your uncle’s sake, and, indeed, for your own also; for I cannot but say that you are a good young man, though

not, perhaps, the wisest person in the world; but no matter, you will know the world better when you are as long in it as I am."

Here a fresh-coloured lass, of about twenty, opened the door, and laid a pipe on the table for the alderman, and a second mug of ale.

"I did not call for ale, Kate," said the alderman.

"No, but I thought you would want it," said the girl.

"Well, well, so I will; you always take care of me, Katty."

"I must make you take care of yourself, you know, Mr. Bradly, and you know for what."

The alderman laughed, and bade her begone, for a baggage, and a wild saucy thing, as she was.

Marvel thought that there was too much familiarity in this colloquy, upon both sides; but he made no remark, and the alderman resumed the subject which Kate had interrupted.

"What I wanted to tell you," said he, "could not with safety be whispered in Dublin: there are ears in the very stone walls of that city. Essex is a ruined man: he is done up, I tell you, Colonel. But they are not satisfied with having secured his fall, they want to pre-

cipitate it; and I am not clear in my mind, that this is a wise plan. 'Tis dangerous to go too far sometimes! Hey, Colonel?"

The Colonel assented, and requested him to proceed.

"It is a deep plot, Colonel, and a bad one, in my opinion; I never liked cold iron. I have no taste for it, even in the field of battle, though I admit it is necessary there to keep down the papists and Irishry. But when it is used in dark corners, or in men's chambers, I can't say I like it, whatever may be the object."

"Pray, speak out, Mr. Bradly; you alarm me excessively; what can this mean?"

"Why, Colonel, I am alarmed at it myself, I tell you, though I am not a military man, like you. But the deed is to be done, and your friend Bagnal is sent for to superintend the job, as a man fit and experienced in such matters; and — Lord, deliver us! here he is."

Bradly's position at the table enabled him to see the door open, as he spoke, and the Lord Marshal enter the room.

"I am not a welcome guest, it seems, Mr. Alderman," said the Marshal. "May I ask, why a privy counsellor and an officer of rank in her Majesty's army (bowing to

Marvel,) should be found celebrating a popish festival in a pot-house, in this crisis of our affairs?"

"Why, Sir Henry," replied the Alderman, "my being here is owing to an awkward accident, and Colonel Marvel just came to look after an old friend. But I am afraid we are lost now, indeed; for if danger was hanging over us before, your being here will bring it plump upon our heads."

"Have you travelled hither with any escort, Bagnal?" said Marvel, without noticing the tone of his introductory speech.

"I travelled alone."

"And what could induce you to trust yourself in this crowd?"

"I found myself in contact with the crowd, before I was aware, and I judged it safer to advance than retreat."

"You are on your way to Dublin?"

"Yes."

"I am glad that your district is in so tranquil a state, that your presence can be dispensed with."

"My presence, it seems, cannot be dispensed with in Dublin. Do you know any thing of it, Alderman?"

“ I know that your presence is important, wherever the *true* interests of the crown are consulted — that is all.”

“ Well, well — here, landlady, let me have some refreshment. Some of this ale, if you please ; and, hark ye, have you put up my horse, Madam ?”

The landlady made suitable answers, and a profound silence ensued ; during which, the Marshal paced the little apartment with a measured and firm step, while Marvel and Bradly retained their original positions at the table.

This state of things was only interrupted by the landlady, bringing in the Marshal’s ale and biscuit, followed by Katty Flanagan, bearing a huge bone of cold beef.”

“ That is very good, Madam,” said the Marshal ; “ and pray what noise is all this ? The crowd seems increasing in the fair place, and they are more inclined to riot, I think.”

“ ’Tis only the faction of the Kellys and the Moroneys, your honour, that are preparing to settle an old quarrel, in the old way, now that they have finished their *rounds* and devotions at the well.”

“ Will it be a hard battle, landlady ?”

“A good many broken heads, your honour; and, perhaps, two or three may be *waked*.”

“And then we shall have the wake at your house,” continued the Marshal; “and this waking of the dead may be very dangerous to the living. That will not do. Could not we get away during the contest?”

“It may happen that you could,” said the woman; “and I hope they will fight, for that reason, though I never wished for a fight before; but there is a rumour amongst them, that there are strangers at our house, and I have sent out two or three that know their trim, to stir up their old feud, and turn their attention that way.”

“You have done like a wise woman. I hope you will succeed, and you shall be properly rewarded.”

Mrs. M‘Can’s emissaries seemed now to have succeeded, for there was great commotion in the crowd, and a body of men drawn up in a close column were seen approaching from the east side of the field, flourishing their sticks with great energy and action. These soon penetrated the promiscuous multitude where they were densest, in the vicinity of the well, scattering them on all sides.

"They are the Moronies," said Mrs. M'Can, "and there is no danger now, thank goodness. Oh, how my heart did beat!"

"I am not so certain that the danger is past, Mrs. M'Can," said Marvel; "the Kellys have shown no disposition yet to turn out."

"I am of your opinion, Marvel," said the Marshal; "this is an unlucky business."

"And why did you venture to traverse the country, unattended? I should have thought Bagnal the last man to commit such an error."

"It was an emergency worth the risk I should come thus, or not at all. With a small escort I should have been attacked, and cut off; with an army I must have fought my way, and would have lost the time and the object. I could only come as I did; and I must take my chance."

The Kellys now made their appearance on the west side of the Green, in compact order, and armed with clubs. A loud yell, and flourish of sticks proclaimed their presence, and defiance of their antagonists. They drew up in order on the skirts of the crowd, while the Moronies manœuvred in the centre of it. The scattered multitude gradually gave place, and gave the combatants a full view of each other. The men

were about a hundred on each side, with their coats off, and the right arms bared.

The Moronies rushed to the attack with terrific yells. But a man from the opposite party stepped in front of his division before they closed, and throwing his stick into the air, caught it by the centre before it descended, and placed it on the ground. The Moronies halted, and their leader stepped out to confer with the chief man of the Kellys.

“ This does not look well,” said the Marshal, as he gazed attentively upon what was going on ; “ but we will see.”

The conference was a short one, and the Kellys and Moronies marched together towards the Three Crosses.

The landlady now rushed into the room to beg the Saxon gentlemen to hide themselves, for the two factions had united for the purpose of destroying them. But there was no time : for Shamus O’Kelly was already in the room, and at his back were half a dozen of his stoutest men at arms. The privy counsellor roared with agony at the formidable apparition. Marvel was calm and collected, and Bagnal preserved a haughty and resolute air.

O’Kelly was a small man, apparently of great

strength and activity, and claiming a lofty dominion over his rude followers, which he asserted, when necessary, by a liberal use of his cudgel.

“ You are Saxon ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ What business brings you to St. Barnabas’ Well ? ”

“ We were on our way to Dublin, and stopped for rest and refreshment.”

“ Bring them out ! bring them out ! ” was vociferated from the crowd abroad, who were anxious to have a view of the strangers ; and O’Kelly, though he resisted this mandate for a long time, was at length obliged to obey ; for the leaders of mobs are the servants of the mobs also. The three gentlemen were marched into the Green, and a long examination and cross-examination took place ; conducted on the part of O’Kelly, with great acuteness and address : and by his gigantic rival, O’Moroney, with awkwardness and rudeness.

Marvel stated his name and rank truly, and produced a passport signed by O’Neil and O’Moore, which he had obtained when he left Shane’s Castle for Hi-Lacy, and he stated that Bradly was an old follower, and formerly ser-

vant of his family. The Marshal gave a "*nom de guerre*," which served to baffle their inquiries, but did not satisfy his judges. After this a council was held by the clans, to decide upon the fate of the prisoners. Moroney and his followers insisted that they should be all three hanged; because that the year before, on this very day, and on this same spot, a troop of dragoons were sent from Dublin to disperse the people assembled at the well, and several were killed and wounded while in the act of devotion, and amongst the killed were two of the Moroneys, whose blood was yet unsatisfied."

O'Kelly combated this mode of satisfying for blood with all the ingenuity in his power;—but his argument produced little effect either upon his own party or the other. Humanity, indeed, was considered as a weakness of this leader's, and nothing but his amazing prowess and conduct in the field could sustain him against it, and preserve him in his high rank as chief of the forays of the O'Kellys; a chieftainship which was never to be confounded with that of the noble families, or chiefs of septs, who led their people in more serious warfare, and governed them in peace according to the ancient patriarchal laws of the kingdom.

The fate of the two adventurers and privy counsellor was nearly decided, and O'Kelly was giving up their cause in despair, when a slight undulation in the external circle of the crowd called the attention to some new event. It was a pilgrim, in regular costume, who was making his way through the crowd, and whose voice was already heard in the centre, proving, at least, that he possessed a most excellent pair of lungs.

The pilgrim proclaimed "that the Saint had that instant troubled the waters of the well, a phenomenon which had not occurred since Darby M'Can's awful death, which took place forty years ago. The first, therefore, who shall shed blood this day, let him be accursed for ever, here and hereafter, him, and his children, and his children's children, to the last generation; and let the fate of Darby M'Can, and worse, be his."

This terrific denunciation was followed by the appearance of the pilgrim himself in the centre of the crowd. He was a tall athletic man, with staff, and beard, and bead, and scapular, and rags, and whatever else could add to the sanctity and importance of his vocation. But the Moronies were not disposed to submit to his authority. They had the appetite of

blood upon them so strongly, that even the awful case of Darby M'Can, who wounded a *friend* of his in a drunken quarrel the evening of the day on which the saint had troubled the waters, and died suddenly the same night, had little effect upon them. It was said that M'Can had fallen in his way home as he crossed the little stream that flows from the well, and was stifled in its waters. Signal vengeance of the saint !

The O'Kellys, however, were decidedly with the pilgrim, and it seemed as if the cudgel alone could decide the question. The Moronies drew on one side to debate the matter amongst themselves, and the flourish of sticks and war cry soon showed how the debate was likely to end. In this new position of affairs, another event fell out which turned the tide of things more decidedly.

CHAPTER XV.

A LADY on horseback appeared on the field, attended by several mounted gallowlasses in shining armour, claiming more respect and attention than the pilgrim, or perhaps the pope, or possibly Saint Barnabas himself could command. She was mounted on a noble horse of slender form, and richly caparisoned, with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments in the Irish fashion. The lady herself was plainly dressed in the manner of the country. She wore a dark green cloak, or mantle fastened at the neck with an immense gold brooch, and which wound round her figure gracefully. It was the divorced wife of O'Neil; and all the crowd recognised the daughter of O'Toole, and gave place, as she rode up to the spot where Bagnal, Marvel, and Bradly stood, still uncertain of their fate. She knew them all three. "Well met again, my Lord Marshal," said she to Bagnal, "I am your good genius, I think,

as you perhaps are mine. I have to thank you for the death of my rival, who fell, if not by your hand, at least by your conduct towards her. I mean to show my gratitude; you shall have a free passage to Dublin, and an escort, lest any thing should obstruct the work which you have now again in hand, and of which I highly approve. It is delightful to me to see the Saxons executing judgment on each other. Nor can Lord Essex and his pacificatory plans be more detestable to you than they are to me. Perhaps you do not know, my lord, that you would not have reached even this point in your adventurous journey in safety, if I had not watched over your progress, and removed every impediment. I watch over your safety, Sir Henry, as I do over the glory of O'Neil, which was ever, and is always, my great pursuit. — My respect and good wishes attend Colonel Marvel," said the lady, addressing the colonel: "these he must command, though he be a Saxon."

"But not an enemy, I trust, my lady."

"No, I am sure not, except as our counsels clash, colonel, for you too are a pacificator; and the motto of O'Toole's daughter is 'War to the death with the foreigner.'"

“ I regret that it is so, though, when I recollect the injuries your father has sustained at our hands, I am not surprised at it.”

“ You mistake : I consider not these ; I consult only O’Neil’s honour and glory. When we quarrelled most, I was solicitous for these only. I have no quarrel with O’Neil now ; his Saxon wife is dead, and he is in his proper place, at the head of the Irish nation, and in deadly feud with the foreigner ; for the truce which has been made is but for a moment. My friend and ally the marshal will take care to allow it no longer term.”

“ When you return to The O’Neil, would you not wish to find him enjoying the blessings of peace, and of his high station ?”

“ I shall not return, Colonel Marvel, — I shall never return ; the daughter of O’Toole is not to be put off and on as a glove. I shall continue what I have ever been, the guardian of O’Neil’s honour, the faithful servant of his glory, and that only.”

This conversation was short, and was conducted in the English language, which was unknown to the surrounding crowd. The lady now addressed the pilgrim, and commanded him to procure a proper escort for Sir Henry

Bagnal and Colonel Marvel; and as to the alderman," said she, "I leave him, Mortough, to your disposal, only do him no injury."

Mortough M'Tierney, who turned out to be the pilgrim described, replied, that every thing should be done as she directed, and that he would himself be guide and escort to the Saxon gentlemen, as soon as he had converted Alderman Bradly into a true Roman Catholic, as he was sure he was.

The lady smiled, and leaving a few of her gallowglasses to second the arrangements of the pilgrim, she rode away.

For some time past, Alderman Bradly, whose strength had been exhausted by terror, had been seated on the ground, stupified and insensible to most that passed around him, and the loud voice of the pilgrim exerted its highest tones, before he obeyed the command to rise, and answer such questions as should be put to him.

At length Bradly made an effort to obey, but could not succeed further than to raise himself upon his knees, where, clasping his hands together, and raising his eyes towards the majestic figure of the pilgrim, he awaited his sentence, with a look of supplication and horror.

“ Abraham O’Bradly,” said the pilgrim, in a solemn voice, “ genuine descendent of the great Teague O’Bradly, of Knuck-a-molvodera, though, in an evil hour, and tempted by the wicked spirit, you renounced the O, which is the sign of the sons of Milesius, and with it your religion, nation, and kindred, and became a Saxon kern, have you repented of your errors?”

“ Oh ! indeed, indeed I have,” said the terrified alderman.

“ And you are now,” continued the pilgrim, “ a true son of the church of Rome, holy, infallible, and eternal.”

“ I am, I am,” said Bradly.

“ Swear,” said the pilgrim.

“ I swear,” said the alderman, “ on my soul and conscience, that I am, and ever will be, a true Roman Catholic.”

“ And that you hate and abhor,” said the pilgrim, “ all heresy and heretics, and will continue henceforth, and for ever, to hold them and their works to be an abomination and anathema.” Bradly repeated the words.

“ Now,” continued the relentless pilgrim : “ for fear of any relapse, and seeing your lamentable falling off before, it is necessary that

you should be baptized anew, at this holy fountain, and that you show your conformity to our holy faith, in the presence of this worthy meeting, by every external sign and form. He then compelled the alderman to make the sign of the cross, on his forehead, and bless himself in the manner of the Roman Catholics. After this, he put into his hand a bead of fifteen *decades*, made from the blessed stones of Lough Darig, and the cross of which was a fragment of the miraculous and inaccessible cross of the great Skelig, commanding him to tell his beads, and say his rosary, while he prepared to make sure of his conversion, by means of the dust and water of the holy well.

Bradly pressed the miraculous cross to his lips, and afterwards to his bosom, in an ecstasy of devotion, while a number of men brought water in large buckets from the holy fountain, and others collected dust and clay from the common. This done, the pilgrim covered the kneeling penitent with dust and mud, on the head, shoulders, and bosom, and then deliberately poured water over all. Tub after tub rolled over the unhappy privy counsellor, until the strength and the malice of the pilgrim were exhausted, and he commanded him to rise.

But he was unable to obey, without help, and when at length he stood upright, he was a truly dismal figure ; his venerable face exhibiting the various currents of the sacred stream, marked by the rich alluvium of clay, and flour, and tallow, from his corporate wig, which it had deposited. The wig, indeed, was soon carried away by the force of the current, and trodden, perhaps, under the feet of the spectators of this solemn scene, was never after recovered. His neat brown coat and breeches, and his stockings, one red, and the other blue, showed in like manner what an awful quantity of water is required for the purgation of an alderman, and what a filthy job it is.

The thoughtful brow of the pilgrim seemed now to be occupied with some further scheme for fixing the uncertain faith of the corporator, when Marvel resolved to interfere. He hoped to succeed with M'Tierney, with whom he thought he had a little influence, and he was encouraged by the good humour of the crowd, who were excessively diverted with the woeful predicament of the hapless dignitary of the city. He entreated the pilgrim that he would be satisfied with the religious ceremonies which had already taken place ; and he would answer

for it, that Mr. Bradly would never forget them.

This assurance diverted M'Tierney, and amused the crowd, and effected more than the most serious and forcible arguments; and he was permitted to lead the dripping alderman back to the Three Crosses. Here they remained but a very short time to refit, when they set out for Dublin, accompanied by M'Tierney on horseback, now in another character and costume.

He parted from them at the gate of the city. The colonel and the alderman took their way to High Street; and the Marshal turned off to another quarter of the town.

Next day Marvel waited on the Lord Lieutenant at the Castle. He found Essex very communicative, though dissatisfied and almost dejected. He complained of the hardships of his situation; the Queen, he said, had clearly been prejudiced against him by artful insinuations. The council in Dublin were his enemies, and had betrayed him; and the parties which divided Ireland agreed in nothing but to counteract and defeat his plans for the benefit of the whole. He could not see his way he said through the difficulties which surrounded him, but he would

do his duty and await events. He invited Marvel to favour him with his opinion fully and candidly on the state of their affairs, both the past and present. Marvel declined entering upon the past, but gave his opinion freely as to the present. He said he had no doubt that the enemies of Lord Essex's system, which were all those who had fortunes to acquire by plunder, confiscation, or corruption, or those who had ill-gotten wealth to preserve, were still active, and determined by any means, good or evil, to effect his ruin; and he begged that Lord Essex would use every precaution to counteract their schemes.

Essex thanked him, but said, that he must decline any precaution beyond the innocency and openness of his own conduct; if these could not protect him, he disdained any other defence.

"Then, my lord," replied Marvel, "your friends must take those measures for your safety which you will not yourself adopt."

"I shall not interfere in the matter, Colonel Marvel, though I have heard that our enemies are plotting some desperate schemes, but of what nature I do not know."

Some weeks passed after this conversation, during which there was perfect tranquillity in

Dublin ; but it was a gloomy tranquillity ; people of all parties had become serious, and almost solemn. No one ventured to speak of politics, or even to hint at what was likely to be the issue of the present posture of affairs. A dark and heavy cloud seemed to rest upon the city, accompanied with that profound and oppressive stillness which usually precedes some extraordinary commotion of the elements. The cloud thickened and darkened every day, and every hour it became more and more perceptible that it bore the thunder in its bosom.

Marvel visited at the Castle frequently, but had never met Marshal Bagnal there, or any where else, nor did Lord Essex ever speak of him, or appear at all aware that he was in Dublin. Returning from one of these visits, towards evening, and proceeding from the Castle in the direction of Alderman Bradly's residence in High Street, Marvel got entangled in a crowd in a narrow passage at the end of Castle Street, entering Skinner Row. The passage was extremely dirty, and Marvel was nearly covered with mud from the plunging of horses and the concussions of cart wheels. He was in imminent danger of being crushed against the wall by a heavy waggon, one wheel of which had got

upon the narrow foot way. From this danger he was rescued by a stranger, who, with one arm, lifted him fairly off the flag, and carrying him a few steps, laid him down in a place of safety. The stranger who had rendered this *powerful* service, instantly attempted to escape, by leaping clearly over the cart which stood in his way. But he was again obstructed by a sudden increase of the crowd on the other side, and Marvel was able to see that it was his friend M'Tierney. He was determined to pursue him, for he had no doubt that he was engaged in some intrigue in Dublin.

Mortough, when he saw that he could not escape, made no further attempt to avoid Marvel; and when the latter came in contact with him, he whispered, "Don't notice me, but follow;" — and in an instant he darted down a narrow street to which the way was now open. Marvel followed, though he kept pace with difficulty with the Herculean pilgrim of Lough Darig.

Mortough stopped at the entrance of a dark passage, and made a signal to Marvel to remain at a distance. In less than a minute a figure in a dark brown cloak, black hat and feathers, came from the other end of the street which led by a steep declivity to the river. Mortough

made a sign to him which was answered, and they both proceeded cautiously down the dark passage. Marvel followed. The passage was an arched way over which the houses fronting the street stretched, and for a short distance was very dark ; after this it opened into a yard, one side of which was formed by the walls, massive buttresses, and Gothic windows of Christ-church ; beyond this yard were a number of dark vaulted passages running under the church, and occasionally admitting the light where the walls formed receding angles.

Marvel kept out of sight, but followed steadily the step of his leaders. At length they stopped under an arch between two lighted spaces. " They ought to be here," said the man in the cloak. " I hope they do not mean to fool us. Are you sure you delivered my message ?"

" I have said so," replied Mortough coolly, " and could make no mistake."

" Well, well, we must wait."

The great bell of Christ-church now tolled five, and at the same instant two persons, muffled also in cloaks, were seen to approach from the opposite end of the passage. Mortough's companion addressed the first of these, " We have been waiting for you, Sir George ;

it is not usual with the Wingfields to lack punctuality."

"I tell you the truth : nothing but that same passion for punctuality could this evening have induced me to keep this appointment. The place, the time, the mystery, were all disagreeable to me."

"Then I have not succeeded in impressing you with a conviction of the imminent danger in which our cause is placed?"

"Indeed, I am as sensible of it as you are, I think ; but there are modes of supporting a cause, however good it may be, which I object to."

"Sir George, this is no time to quail. You know upon what terms we came here ; we must now do or die."

"I came here at your earnest desire, my Lord, to meet the Lord Essex, and to speak to him strongly and sharply upon his practices with the enemy, and chiefly with our arch enemy, O'Neil ; and—"

"And, Sir George, if we found that he was indeed a traitor, that we should deal with him as a traitor."

"Some such discourse you held, my lord ; but, with your leave, I was not assenting to this ex-

tremity ; and I have considered as I came along, that it would be most extraordinary, indeed, if Lord Essex should consent to meet two such persons as you and I in such a spot as this."

"It was rather a tardy consideration ; look who stands near you."

It was Lord Essex himself, in his usual dress ; black velvet doublet, and short cloak.

"My Lord," said Mortough's companion, addressing Essex, "Sir George Wingfield and myself have attended here to meet your lordship, and to put such questions to you, touching the ruined affairs of this poor realm of Ireland, as, I trust, your Lordship will be able to answer satisfactorily, or —"

"Or I am to suffer the penalty," said Essex, "which two such able statesmen and upright judges may deem right to inflict."

"Even so, my lord ; it is vain to trifle."

"I thank you, for your candour. Ho, there, guards ; seize the conspirators."

In an instant the arch-way was filled with armed men. Wingfield drew his sword, Mortough and his companion unsheathed theirs. A scuffle and clashing of arms ensued, which lasted but for a moment. The whole scene had disappeared, as if by magic. The combatants

were gone. Marvel, Mortough, and Wingfield only remained upon the ground; the latter mortally wounded."

Marvel raised the wounded man, and placed his head on his knee, while Mortough endeavoured to stop the blood which bubbled from his bosom. Marvel was uncertain whether life was not fled, but after a little while he opened his eyes. "Colonel Marvel," said he, "I thank you for this care, but it is in vain. I have done with this world, yet it is somewhat vexatious to go out of it this way, the victim of a base trick of this sort. Did you mark this juggle, Marvel?"

"I saw something of it, but am yet at a loss to comprehend it," answered Marvel.

"It was cruel treachery," said the dying man, "the contrivance of that arch villain Bagnal. You and I differed, Marvel, but you were a good and true man, and every one acknowledged it. Bagnal and I agreed; we were sworn friends, but all the world pronounced him a villain."

"Do not fatigue yourself," said Marvel, seeing that Wingfield was exhausting his strength, "when I have removed you from this place, we will talk at our leisure."

“Nay, I must speak now, for I shall never leave this spot, Marvel — Oh ! that cursed traitor. Marvel, you were once his friend. Oh, renounce him, I entreat you, for hell itself is not so false.”

“We have known little of each other for a long time, but surely he could have no motive for so dreadful an act as this. I thought he fought upon your side; and that Lord Essex —”

“Lord Essex was not there; and I charge you, Marvel, do him justice. It was all a deception. I did not recognise the base slave who personated him, and who with his crowd of conspirators made a show of battle with Bagnal, while their real object was myself, and Bagnal was their ally. How cold it is this evening ! Nay, do not move me; I cannot bear to be stirred. They mean to charge Lord Essex with this murder, and to accelerate his ruin by this means — it is for this, I die. There was another reason too, but I thought it was forgotten : there was an old grudge between Bagnal and myself, but Bagnal never forgives; it was a trifling thing — it grows very dark, I think. Oh Marvel, Marvel, my friend, do not leave

me: there, there they are. You were a gallant soldier; stand by me now. Ha, is it so?"

The delirious man turned himself upon his side with a painful effort, and Marvel thought that life had fled; but, after an instant, he recovered reason and sensation.

"Marvel," said he, "you are very good to stay with me thus. I have been a weak and violent man, and the dupe of many knaves; but I have not been bad in intention, though perhaps mistaken in my views. God, I trust, will not deal severely with me for my errors. I commend my spirit to the Lord, who hath redeemed all those who trust in him; and through whom, I hope, that even Bagnal will find pardon. — Lord, forgive him! I am cold, dear Marvel; very cold."

Marvel had before covered the dying man with Mortough's cloak, and now took off his own to wrap it about him; but, as he did so, he found that the struggle was over. — Wingfield was dead!

He now despatched Mortough to look for help to convey the body home; and he returned very speedily with four men, and a door taken off the hinges. The body was placed upon the

door : and, attended by Mortough and Marvel, it was conveyed to Wingfield's house, which stood on the bank of the river below the castle.

When Marvel was about returning towards High Street, and looked about for Mortough, that he might learn from him some further explanation of this mysterious affair, Mortough was gone, and was no where to be found, nor did he afterwards meet him in Dublin.

The death of Sir George Wingfield produced a great sensation in the city. He had been the most open and violent of the opposers of Lord Essex's system of government ; and the truce concluded with O'Neil had excited his wrath almost to madness. His opposition had the more weight, because he was known to be an honest man, and to act upon principle, or at least from opinion. He was never a sharer in the plunder which was so liberally distributed amongst his party in Dublin ; on the contrary, he despised and scorned it ; but he did not discern the inconsistency of supporting a system which he could not form part of without dishonour. Sir George added to the weight which he derived from integrity of character, the further influence of his soldierly qualities. He was an able commander, and a brave man ;

and the crowd, who saw him only in the distance, did not comprehend that the error of his political principles flowed from early and violent prejudices acting upon a weak understanding. He was the dupe of his own party, who never failed to turn his good qualities, and his feeble head, to their own account.

The outcry against Essex, who was accused of having perpetrated this murder with his own hand, was loud and terrible. Essex scorned to defend himself against the odious accusation, and was not even pleased with the zeal which Marvel evinced in his defence. It implied, in his opinion, a possibility of criminality which he could not in any case endure. Meanwhile, the rumour circulated and gained credit, from the industry and audacity with which it was spread abroad. Marvel stood alone, and was unable to enter into all the particulars of the case, without exposing the share which Bagnal had in the deed. In raising his voice for the accused Viceroy, a thousand motives were attributed to him, which those who did not know him intimately were easily induced to believe real. Essex felt his situation every day become more awkward and critical. He seldom went abroad, and his society at the Castle was very

circumscribed, almost amounting to solitude. At length letters arrived from London, and amongst these were despatches from the Queen, written in a style of indignant rebuke and censure of the Viceroy's conduct in the whole administration of the Irish government, and entering into a long detail of the errors he had committed. His letters informed him, that the reports in London accused him of entertaining the most criminal designs against the state, and of being himself the murderer of Wingfield.

All this was too much for Essex, and his impatient spirit gave way before the weight of calumny and reproach. He determined to anticipate his recal, and to confound his enemies, by making his peace in person with the Queen. He left the Castle precipitately, and embarked for England.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE faction in Dublin who were in active correspondence with Essex's enemies in London, had waited anxiously for this step. They believed that this would further exasperate the Queen, and that the haughty spirit of Essex would render the breach perpetual. A few days of anxious suspense occurred, during which the suppressed triumph of the faction was not permitted to break forth. But it was not long before a despatch from London put the match to the smoking pile, and all was joy and gratulation.

Lord Essex was not noticed in this despatch; but the Lord Chancellor and Sir Henry Bagnal were appointed Lords Justices, with full powers, until the Queen's pleasure should be further known. Bagnal had not been seen in public since the death of Wingfield; but he now appeared at the Castle with great pomp and parade, and assumed, in conjunction with the Chancellor, the government of Ireland. Marvel

did not attend his Court; and having no direct appointment or command, he was preparing to leave Dublin, when an order from the Lords Justices was served upon him at Alderman Bradly's, in High Street, commanding him not to leave Dublin without permission of the government.

This was a cruel disappointment to Marvel, for he was wearied and disgusted with the state of things in the city, and anxious to withdraw himself from the storms and struggles which he saw coming on; he had also been indulging his imagination with visions of peace and love at Hi-Lacy. These visions all passed suddenly away before the harsh mandate of the Lords Justices; the bright image of Clara de Lacy, her smiles, her playfulness, her innocence, her gentle unpretending wisdom, all faded away; and the hapless Colonel found himself still a disconsolate sojourner at the busy warehouse of Alderman Bradly, privy counsellor, grocer and haberdasher, in High Street. It was most melancholy.

But if there was no cheerfulness in Marvel's heart, there was much in the heart of the city. Here every thing was changed; and where lately there had been a kind of breathless still-

ness and solemnity, there was now an almost feverish exhilaration and activity.

It was soon announced that Marshal Bagnal was to march to the north without delay, at the head of all the forces of the kingdom. This was followed, in a few days, by a proclamation of the Lords Justices, denouncing the Lords de Burgo and de Lacy "as near of kindred, and being aiding and abetting in the traiterous practices of the arch rebel, O'Neil." All was war; and the citizens of Dublin rioted already in anticipated confiscation. The preparations for the equipment of the army were incessant, and carried on day and night without intermission. All the troops that could be spared were drawn from the south; and detachments were pouring into the capital daily from various parts of Ireland. Nothing could exceed the dispatch which was used; and it was evident that Bagnal had bent his whole soul to bring the long and bitter feud between him and O'Neil to a decisive issue.

But Marvel could not see the danger which menaced the house of Hi-Lacy with any degree of equanimity; and he determined to demand an explanation from Bagnal, as to his intentions towards that noble family.

He found great difficulty in obtaining an interview with the now exalted Marshal ; but he was determined to succeed, and he, therefore, succeeded. The Marshal received him with great state in the grand chamber, surrounded by his officers. Marvel was determined to take no notice of the "pomp and circumstance" about him.

"I have waited on you, Sir Henry, as an old friend, and as one who has been occasionally honoured with the Queen's notice and confidence, to remonstrate upon the subject of the proclamation which has been recently issued, treating the Lords of Ulick's Tower and Hi-Lacy as state criminals."

"And what has our *old friend*, Colonel Marvel, to object to our proceeding?" said Bagnal, sarcastically.

"That it has ever been the policy of the British Government in Ireland to preserve the great families of British descent, and to overlook their errors, if not of a very flagrant nature."

"How does Colonel Marvel know that the errors of these Lords, of which we have information, are not of a very flagrant nature?"

"In that case, my Lord, it would be proper, as it seems to me, to take the opinion of Her

Majesty's council in London, before so serious and decided a step were taken."

"But there may be cases of so urgent a nature as to compel us to decide upon our own humble judgment, Colonel; and considering this to be such a case, we have decided accordingly."

"May I beg to know, my Lord, what those acts may be which are imputed to these gentlemen, and which are considered so criminal and urgent in their nature?"

"If it were a secret of our own," said Bagnal, "that our old friend Colonel Marvel asked, we should have instantly exposed it to his friendly eye; but this is a secret, of the state which, he will readily admit, we have no right to reveal."

There was a tone of cold irony and suppressed triumph in Bagnal's deliberate responses, which convinced Marvel that he had nothing to hope; but he was resolved to make yet another effort.

"My Lord," said he, "it is but lately that I have been at Hi-Lacy."

"I know it."

"And I can answer for the loyalty and good intentions of the Lord de Lacy. His castle

was not a place of political intrigue, but a house of mourning; there were no machinations against the living, but tears and lamentations for the dead."

"What! is the young heiress gone to her grave? Why, Marvel, you are an unlucky fellow with the women; a second disappointment, and so good a speculation too! By my faith, it is too hard."

"Nay, my Lord; it was not the Lady de Lacy who closed her eyes on the crimes and vanities of the world. It was a lady as beautiful and as good; the young widow of M'Mahon, governor of Carrickrohan Castle."

Bagnal's lofty countenance fell; the flush of triumph left his cheek; and he leaned upon his sword, as if he needed support. He did not speak, but motioned to be left alone with Marvel.

"This was a cruel thrust, Marvel," said he, when all were withdrawn. And is she, indeed, dead? That woman was the source of — but no matter, it is passed now. Perhaps I might have been another sort of man, and the world might have spoken as well of me as of you, Marvel. But what care I for the world? let it babble as it may. The world and I are enemies; and if I have not had the happiness I

looked for, I have had at least my revenge. You, Marvel, have acted more wisely and happily than I could do; disappointed in one affection, you consoled yourself in another. I was not a man made for love, and it took root like a plant in an ungenial soil, determining not to be eradicated, and deriving strength from the rock it embraced. Death has cut the fibres in twain, and now I can give my whole soul to vengeance."

"I would rather that, like me, Bagnal, you could find a new affection to soften your heart with. I was naturally of a softer clay than you, and needed it less, and did not seek it. It came, and blessed me, spite of all my resolutions to the contrary."

"Yes, you were capable of receiving many impressions. I could receive but one. And hardly could I stoop to woo, even while I died of passion. Marvel, I will spare this De Lacy for your sake, perhaps, though I will not promise: but it were better for you he were out of the way; and again, that you should get rich and great in this happy, guiltless way, and out-top me in good fortune, as you do in blameless reputation, is too much. I have been always jealous of you."

“ Of me — with the rank and riches you enjoy ? ”

“ Yes, rank and riches ; but what do the people say, how do they speak of me ? Rank and riches ! — oh ! you know not, Marvel, how little these things contribute to happiness. Give me your high character, and I will give you them all. Marvel, I have an old enemy in my power : he dies to-morrow. Like the ancient Romans, we commence our march by offering a sacrifice to the gods.”

“ Who is this unlucky person, Bagnal ? ”

“ You will see him on Cork Hill to-morrow, making his final exit from the world ; and you will recognise an old acquaintance. I must leave you.”

Saying this, Bagnal abruptly left the room ; and Marvel was reluctantly compelled to take his way homeward without being able to ascertain who the intended victim might be. Even Alderman Bradly was ignorant, or affected to be so, of the person who was to suffer, or of his offence.

Marvel rose early, and went abroad, determined to discover who might be the unhappy object of Bagnal's relentless hate. But all his efforts and enquiries at the castle were in vain.

Bagnal would not be seen; and no person — officer, clerk, or servant, would answer a question on the subject. They shook their heads, and professed total ignorance.

“What persons are in custody, and what crimes are they charged with?” was Marvel’s inquiry at the gaols, and at various public offices; and he could only learn in answer that within a few days every prison and place of confinement had been crowded, and that the offences of the parties were not known or ascertained.

It was near noon when he had finished his laborious and unavailing efforts, and he began to perceive that crowds were collecting in all directions, and moving towards Cork Hill. He joined the crowd, and asked numbers, “whither they were going?” “To an execution,” was the reply.

“Who was the criminal? and what was his crime?”

Most were ignorant of these particulars; some said it was an *Irishman*, and seemed to consider this as sufficient answer to both questions: others said it was a Popish priest, which was no small aggravation of the statute crime of *Irishry*.

Marvel continued to go with the crowd, till,

at length, he perceived the head of a troop of dragoons ascending from the great prison which stood on the bank of the river, about half way between the castle and college. These were preceded by two pieces of cannon, round which the artillery men marched with lighted matches. The dragoons were followed by a dense column of foot soldiers, in the centre of which was the prisoner, his head bare, and his white hair flowing in the wind. He was dressed in black, with a kind of short purple robe thrown over his shoulders. He carried a crucifix in his hand, on which his eyes were fixed intently. His arms were strongly bound, and the cord was carried in a double loop round his neck. The prisoner moved with a firm and steady step, and never raised his eyes to look upon the vast assemblage that swarmed around. After much difficulty and struggling, Marvel made his way close to the guards, where his military undress procured him attention, and he was allowed to pass between the files. He had now a full view of the prisoner; it was the prior M'Egan, the pope's vicar-general in Ireland.

Marvel felt his heart die away with him at this discovery: he was, indeed, an old acquaint-

ance, and one whose birth, station, and talents, deserved another fate. It was true, he was the active and uncompromising foe of the English power ; but in him it was natural, it was almost a duty, considering that the British power in Elizabeth's reign was but partially established in Ireland, and what he had suffered from that power as an Irishman of rank, as a churchman, and even as a Christian, who had been persecuted and plundered because of his opinions. Marvel had never felt ill-will towards the prior ; and, notwithstanding some small failings as a churchman, he valued him highly as an Irish gentleman, for generosity, and manliness of mind, and for various excellent traits of character which had come to his knowledge.

The shops were shut throughout the line of march of the procession, which forced its way with difficulty through an unbroken mass of people, closely wedged in the narrow streets. The immense crowd was uncovered, and a profound silence reigned. As an *Irish enemy*, the Anglo-citizens of Dublin would have condemned the culprit to death ; but as prior of Innisdune, and the pope's vicar, they held him in the highest reverence, for a majority of the citizens, though

English in their politics, were Catholics in their religion. They were greatly divided on the subject of this execution. The council, aware of this, had taken every precaution. The whole garrison were under arms, and every point was occupied with military. The civil and military authorities were, notwithstanding, somewhat alarmed at the singular mark of respect shown by the populace, when, as the prisoner came in view, countless thousands of hats disappeared from the solid mass of heads, as if swept away by a strong wind.

The fatal scaffolding erected on Cork Hill appeared now in view. It consisted of two wooden pillars made firm in the ground; about half way up which was placed a stage for the actors in this dismal scene. Over head was a transverse beam, stretching from the point of one pillar to that of the other. A ladder led to the stage.

Close to the person of the prisoner, he was surrounded by the battle-axe guards of the castle: these were men of large stature and formidable appearance, armed with sabres and great axes; one, in particular, who marched in front of the prisoner, was a man of great height and stature, and reminded Marvel strongly of

his friend Mortough. It was the very man. How he had contrived this new metamorphosis Marvel could not imagine, nor what he proposed by placing himself in this strange situation. He resolved to watch him narrowly ; for that he had something in view he could not doubt. He soon perceived that Mortough had friends in the crowd, with whom he kept up communication by signal.

The prisoner had now arrived under the scaffold ; and after the military had formed a circle, and taken up their positions, which occupied but a short time, three of the battle-axe men ascended the platform, — the foremost of these was Mortough. The prisoner followed ; Mortough adjusted the rope about his neck with the assistance of another ; there was a pause ; — a death-like silence prevailed throughout the crowd. The second battle-axe man produced a black cap and placed it on the head of the sufferer, who made the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and then drew the cap gently over his eyes. All was now ready ; and the signal for the fall of the platform was given by the officer of the guard. The battle-axe men descended, and Mortough stood upon a nitch in one of the pillars, — at this instant he sprang

forward, and, striking the transverse beam to which the rope was attached, with his hatchet he clove it in two, — at the same moment the platform fell with a great crash, and Mortough and the prior came with it to the ground.

Mortough was instantly on his legs; but all his care could not preserve the prior from a severe fall. He raised him, however, with the rapidity of lightning; and lifting him on his left shoulder, he sprang into the midst of the multitude, clearing his way with his right arm. The guards in astonishment gave way before him, and his partisans in the crowd rushed into the chasm he had made, closing it after him.

This bold attempt had nearly succeeded; but Mortough paused for an instant to replace the prior on his feet. He could not stand, and the precious moment was lost. The dragoons had made their way a-head of Mortough by leaping amongst the crowd, and trampling down all opposition. His strength was somewhat exhausted by the efforts he had made; but he made another desperate exertion, striking down with his battle-axe two horsemen who opposed his progress, and bearing the prior still on his arm. He was seconded by about twenty men of the crowd, who stood around him and fought

on his side. But it was vain, for the grenadiers of Wingfield's regiment were now closing upon him on every side. He looked round for an instant and saw the case was desperate, then laid the hapless priest on the ground, and darting forward, forced his passage through every obstacle and got clear away.

When Mortough left him, the prior's strength and presence of mind seemed restored to him. He stood upright and walked deliberately back to the scaffold, the crowd making a passage for him as he went ; and the soldiers following, but without laying hands on him. The platform of the scaffold was now again adjusted, and the prior in the same quiet and resolute manner ascended it. When he had gained the platform, he made a sign with his hand that he wished to speak ; and then said aloud, " That he knew well that he was to die. A brave man had made an attempt to save him ; but it could not succeed, for God had determined that he should that day die : it was, therefore, that when the effort was made, his strength and recollection were taken from him. Now he was content and satisfied to die, for he had the fullest assurance from Almighty God, that his death was necessary to his country ; and that

his blood which was spilled that day would return like fire from heaven upon the heads of his enemies, and the enemies of his country. He would die, therefore, with satisfaction and hope, that it might please Divine Providence to make his death more profitable to his dear country than his life had been. He had been a sinner indeed, and thoughtless of the ways of God, and neglectful of his holy word ; his passion had been his country ; he had lived for that country, and he was well pleased to die for it ; and he trusted that his life and death, devoted as they were to one object, would not be considered at the throne of grace as unworthily bestowed. Of this indeed he had the most satisfactory convictions upon his mind ; and, except as to the oppressors of Ireland, he died in peace and charity with all mankind, and in unbounded confidence in the mercy and goodness of the great Creator.”

Marvel heard all this. He was not surprised at the calmness and magnanimity of the prior, who always appeared to him to have a fund of excellent and generous feeling as the basis of his character, and who was now evidently persuaded that he was dying as a martyr, whose death was destined to promote the success and

triumph of that cause to which his life had been devoted.

As M'Egan had concluded his speech to the crowd, Marvel turned his back upon the fatal scene, and made his way in the only direction in which it was possible to proceed — into the castle yard : here all was solitude. He crossed the yard, and asked the centinel on duty if Marshal Bagnal was in the Castle. He replied, that he had not seen him go abroad that day. He sent up his name ; and to his surprise, was admitted.

Bagnal was alone. — “ Have you seen him, Marvel ? ”

“ Yes, my lord ; I saw him calm, happy, and content, as the world was about to close upon him, — and the struggle is passed by this time. Shall we die as happily, Bagnal ? ”

“ You will, perhaps, but not I ; I am not myself to day. What is the matter with me, Charles ? You saw this scene. Oh, Marvel ! what a triumph for M'Egan, that one noble fellow such as that, — no matter what they call him, pilgrim, knave, or what they please, he is a noble fellow, — that such a man should devote himself to death for him ; and there were many others beside him : it made his death a triumph.

Who would do the like for me? not one. Would to God that the prior had escaped in that attempt; curse on their zeal who obstructed him. Marvel, there is a sadness over my spirit which I cannot shake off."

Marvel made no effort to console or re-assure the Marshal, but asked when he would march to the north? "We march in the morning; this place is intolerable."

"I would be glad to accompany you."

"I will consider of it, and send to you before night." He then rose, shook Marvel by the hand, and without speaking more left him."

The next day was a day of universal joy and bustle in Dublin. The scaffold and its victim had disappeared, and with it the solemn and sad impression which had been made upon the hearts of the people. The march of the first division of the army for the northern war was now the sole excitement and only popular attraction. As in the case of Lord Essex's march, the city poured out its population to cheer the soldiers as they went. Marvel looked on at the gay spectacles of the anxious crowds and the pleased and vaunting soldiery, with painful feelings. Report said that this division was to march by Hi-Lacy; and it was even whispered,

that it was commissioned to lay it in ashes; — and Marvel had yet received no permission to accompany the march. He returned to High-street in a troubled and dispirited state of mind.

In the course of the evening he received an order from the castle, commanding him to accompany the second division of the army as “Brigadier” commanding a brigade of three regiments, with a proportion of cavalry and artillery. This was the most considerable appointment in the field which Marvel had yet obtained, and he felt obliged to Bagnal for it. But this second division was to proceed by a quite different route from the first, keeping greatly to the north of Hi-Lacy. His heart murmured at this line of march; but like most murmurings of the heart they were unavailing. It was some relief that he was obliged to make instant preparations for quitting Dublin.

His brigade mustered at seven o'clock in the morning in the new street, stretching from the castle towards the suburb in which the College was situated. The three regiments were new levies, raised in England for Lord Essex's expedition, and had accompanied him to Ireland. They had suffered in his disastrous march to the

south ; but the men were young and not dispirited by their reverses. They were discontented at the peace with O'Neil, and impatient to wipe off the stains upon their honour. The commanding officers of these regiments were young men of high rank and high spirit, but no experience. They were acquainted with Marvel's character, and received him as their chief of brigade gladly, having the fullest confidence in his soldierly qualities, and acquaintance with Irish warfare.

Haughton had no sooner reached the parade, than he recognised the sergeant who commanded the post before Dublin, the evening he entered that city with his master some months before.

“ Ho, comrade, well met again. You understand the command of a post something better now, I warrant you, than when we last met, — hey.”

“ Why, yez ; one learns something by experience sure — old one.”

“ Not so old neither ; but enough to be your master in the art of war. How did you like the Irish lads in the south ?”

“ Why, they are queer deevils, you zee, and give cursed hard knocks sometimes ; but no objection to try it again with 'em. This O'Neil

is a great feller, they say ; 'tis well to have to do with the best of them, any how."

" Aye, aye, he knows his trade. How did you like his turn-out upon the Blackwater the other day?"

" It was vary pretty, vary pretty indeed."

Haughton's conversation, though a long one, was not much more interesting than this ; so we omit it.

The second division of the army, which consisted of two brigades, marched out with much the same pomp and parade as the first. The route was a much longer one ; and they gained the point of rendezvous without any accident or occurrence worthy of note. The first division had calculated their time with the same accuracy, and reached the Blackwater only the same day. A third division arrived on the river the following morning, and the whole army was now assembled.

Marvel lost no time, on his arrival, in enquiring the fate of Hi-Lacy, and all his anticipations were verified, when he was informed that Bagnal had himself joined the first division on its march, and had sat down before the old castle, and summoned it to surrender. His informant was Captain Tracy, an old friend of

his, whose worth and honesty had never suffered him to rise in the service. Tracy stated that the Lord De Lacy protested against being treated as an enemy, but made no resistance. He was, accordingly, seized and sent a prisoner to Dublin; and his castle was razed to the ground. What became of Godfrey was not known; but Clara escaped to Glenfinin under the guidance and escort of Rory Duff, Thoriff, and Vorvodera. Such was the fate of Hi-Lacy and its inmates. Marvel was consoled that it was no worse, and particularly that Clara was safe; and his heart at ease upon these main points, he turned his whole attention to the great events that were pending.

O'Neil lay before them nearly in the order in which he had presented himself to the Earl of Essex; but more certain of battle, he had strengthened his position with more care. Marshal Bagnal, on the other side, viewed the fine army which he now commanded with a triumph and exultation that he could not, and sought not to conceal. His army returned the enthusiasm of their leader; they panted for a contest to which all Ireland looked forward with anxiety; which the British cabinet and nation saw impending with some degree of

alarm; and to which the eyes of France and Spain were steadfastly directed, as tending materially to influence the events of the war throughout Europe.

In Ireland it was, apparently, a contest of the two religions; but really a contest of principles, — whether the principle of *confiscation* or *preservation* should prevail. Whether the Irish chiefties, their power and dignity, should be swept away and destroyed, to make room for the new tide of English adventurers that were eager to devour their possessions, or whether the former should be preserved under the British crown. On both sides this was felt to be the real question. The Irish chiefs fought for their lives, their dignities, and their lands; the British army contended for spoil, and for honour.

Bagnal had been especially enjoined by the queen to avoid this final issue. She dreaded this extreme above all things, and was more disposed to preserve than to destroy her Irish subjects. But the Marshal had resolved upon the desperate game, while yet it was in his hands, and counted upon success for his apology. Bagnal was odious to the whole Irish nation; he was disliked even by the party of which he

was the head and patron; but he was necessary to them, and they urged him incessantly to the step he was himself but too willing to adopt, — determined, however, if any evil fell out, to throw the whole blame upon him.

O'Neil's army was more numerous upon this occasion than when he had drawn his vassals and allies together to make head against Lord Essex. The fear of Bagnal's party and policy had struck upon the heart of the country. The destruction of Hi-Lacy, and the injurious treatment of its lord, excited strong indignation amongst the great Anglo-Irish families; but above all, the execution of M'Egan, which was now known throughout the kingdom, contributed to swell the ranks of the great northern Tanist. The *people* poured in on all sides, and of these he formed irregular masses in the rear of his position, and on his flanks. These irregulars were armed in various ways, but chiefly with pikes.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE Marshal saw that the effect he had produced was more serious than he had anticipated ; and resolved reluctantly to wait the arrival of further reinforcements which were on the march. With this view he fell back upon Armagh, then in the hands of the British, but blockaded by a corps of Irish under Cormac, the brother of O'Neil. Bagnal raised the blockade, and at the same time found means to tamper with Con O'Neil, a natural son of the chieftain, and who held a high command under Cormac. Con was displeased with his father for having placed his uncles Cormac and Art in command over him ; for the Eastern custom then prevailed in Ireland of considering the children born out of wedlock as little, if at all, inferior to the more legitimate.

On the first of August 1598, Marshal Bagnal, having received his expected reinforcements, marched from Armagh, and found that O'Neil

with his whole force had crossed the Blackwater and taken post in front of Portmore. From the traitor Con, he learned that the chief was with the advanced guard under O'Hanlon, hereditary standard bearer of Ulster; and who on this occasion carried the *sun-burst* or great national banner of Ireland.

Bagnal begged to see his correspondent Con; who after some solicitation ventured to enter the British camp at night. After a short interview with the crafty commander, this weak young man was induced to lead a thousand chosen men by passes known only to the Irish, to the surprise of the advanced guard. Con stipulated only for the life of his father, but yielded his uncles up to the vengeance of the Marshal. The latter, however, of the contracting parties did not intend to pay any attention to the contract. His heart was drunk with joy; and to his eager imagination his enemy was already dying by his hand.

Nothing could be more complete than the surprise. The guards were slain upon their posts, and the whole advance was scattered and routed. But O'Neil escaped. Con, distrusting as it appeared the intentions of his ally and accomplice, led the Marshal not to his father's

tent, but to that of O'Hanlon where he thought his uncles were; — but he had nearly accomplished the crime which he sought to avoid, so difficult is it to pick one's way in paths of wickedness. His father slept that night in O'Hanlon's tent, and Art and Cormac were with the main army. The resistance was heroic.

The hereditary guards of the standard died upon their posts, and O'Hanlon escaped with the precious drapery. O'Neil had fled, and rallying his men upon Mullachduff, a little hill about half a mile in his rear, he advanced with the dawn of the day, and driving Bagnal before him, took up his former position. This adventure disappointed the Marshal greatly, and he now resolved to press a general action. But in the course of the day O'Neil changed his whole line, and fell back towards the Blackwater, covering his left with the river, and extending his right obliquely to the south-west, where he rested upon a rising ground, or small hill, upon which he had erected a battery. His front was covered by an extensive morass, or marshy piece of ground, through the centre of which ran a small rivulet which discharged its current into the Blackwater.

The only pass across the marsh was towards

the right of O'Neil's line, called Cluain Tibhir, (or, the Lawn of the Spring.) The defence of this pass was committed, as a mark of honour, to the M'WILLIAM, the Irish appellation which De Burgo had assumed in joining O'Neil, which he did immediately on Bagnal's proclamation. M'William was not present himself, as he was confined to Ulic's Tower by gout; and, in the mean time, Colonel Filbert commanded his well-appointed cavalry. Filbert had foiled various attempts to force the pass by Cluain Tibhir. At length Bagnal, impatient of these failures, gave the command of a corps of chosen cavalry to Colonel Sedgrave, reputed to be the bravest officer, and the strongest man in the British army, with directions to force the pass *coute qui coute*. But Filbert manœuvred to throw Sedgrave out of the line of the ford, and to entangle him in the morass.

Bagnal was looking on at the head of his favourite black horse, and impatient of the proceedings of the British Goliath, he charged through the line of the ford, with which he had made himself perfectly acquainted, passing Sedgrave, and bearing down Filbert and his cavalry with irresistible power. The pass had been gained, had not O'Neil, who watched the move-

ments of his enemy on the other side the stream, met this formidable charge at the head of the Red Branch Knights of O'Donnel. The shock was terrible ; and Bagnal and his black horse were trampled in the mire, or put to flight. O'Neil did not follow them ; but wheeled about, and resumed his former position. He had no sooner done this, than he perceived Sedgrave again forming his broken squadron, and preparing to charge. " Knights of the Red Branch, charge !" said O'Neil ; — " for God, our country, and O'Donnel !" raising his sword on high. O'Neil was in front of this renowned cavalry when he gave the word. Sedgrave had sounded the charge at the same instant. The two commanders met in mid career. Their spears were shivered in atoms on their armour. O'Neil drew instantly ; but Sedgrave, aware of the chief's address at his weapons, and relying on his vast strength, threw himself upon him, and seizing him by the neck, dragged him from his horse. O'Neil grappled firmly with his enemy, and both fell together to the earth. The chief was undermost, and Sedgrave fell like a tower upon him. The cavalry on both sides sides reined up, as if by mutual consent, to abide the issue of this deadly conflict. There was an

awful pause of an instant. Sedgrave raised his right hand, armed with a dagger, over his prostrate foe; his left was on his neck. A murmur of despair ran through the Irish army, which was answered by a shout of exultation from the British. At that moment the hand and dagger of the British Sampson fell powerless upon his enemy's coat of mail. O'Neil was on his legs — he was on his horse — and pointing to the red branch in his helmet, called gaily to his far-famed cavalry to "Charge!" They advanced with loud shouts of triumph, and the enemy fled in all directions.

O'Neil, while struggling under his enemy, had plunged his dagger into his body, piercing his coat of mail, at the very instant that Sedgrave raised his arm to inflict a mortal blow.

This event closed the operations of the day; and the next was spent in various movements and changes of position preparatory to the final struggle.

On the twelfth of August, Bagnal's preparations were complete; and he broke up from the line of hills, on which he had taken his position, before sun-rise. His centre consisted of three corps of spearmen, chiefly Welsh, and considered to be the best troops in the service. His wings

were composed of musketeers, in the rear and on the flanks of which his cavalry and artillery were placed. They passed the ford of Cluain Tibhir without opposition, and formed on the flat ground beyond the marsh without meeting an enemy. The morning was bright and serene, and the drums and trumpets of the British army sounded sweetly in the calm and quiet atmosphere, as if discord were banished from the beautiful scene which the columns were peacefully traversing. It was a level and open tract of ground of a brilliant verdure, and over which clumps of trees, and a few single oaks of great size and beauty were thinly scattered. About seven o'clock they entered a plain more thickly covered with timber; here they first met an enemy. The plain was covered with O'Neil's light armed troops, posted irregularly behind the trees and thickets, from which they kept up an incessant fire upon the advancing columns of the British.

In this desultory warfare, and unable to grapple with the enemy, Bagnal suffered considerable loss. But he continued to advance till he reached a more open and level plain, which extended to O'Neil's camp. The British cuirassiers now formed in advance, in several divisions, and set

off in a rapid trot to reach the enemies encampment. In the course of their progress they broke into a gallop, and when at the height of their speed, horses and men went down suddenly, tumbling over, and crushing each other as they fell into a great line of pit-falls, extending across the whole field in front of O'Neil's position. These pit-falls had been carefully covered and concealed with wattles and green herbage.

Undaunted by this disaster, Bagnal galloped forward, and putting himself at the head of his broken horse formed them anew, and passing at full speed over the pits, now full of men and horses, he arrived in front of Tyrone's camp. Here he was encountered by masses of light troops, chiefly armed with pikes seven feet long, which rested on the right shoulder, and were grasped by both hands in the centre. The British curiassiers met these with pikes of nearly equal length; but they made way with great toil and loss; for O'Neil's pike men surpassed in activity and use of their weapon.

About eleven o'clock Bagnal's whole army stood in front of O'Neil's camp, within about three miles of Armagh. Here the plain was skirted on one side by a marsh, on the other by a wood,

and was thus narrowed to a strait; across this strait O'Neil had thrown a rampart six feet high, and had sunk a fossé of great depth. In front of the rampart the ground was wet, and intersected by streams which flowed from the marshes, thence called "Beal-na-ath-Buidhe," the mouth of the yellow ford. —

Marvel's brigade was ordered to carry this formidable impediment. He had already provided himself with faggots and branches of trees in great abundance; and now dismounting from his horse, he led his brigade through the marsh under a heavy fire, which he was unable to return. His men were up to the middle in mud and water in this bold attempt; but they succeeded in filling up the fossé; and were now storming the rampart, supported by two other brigades on the right and left, when in the very fury of the fight, a quantity of gun-powder took fire in the English ranks, and by its sudden explosion spread dismay and confusion through their lines. The attack was intermitted, and the Irish were again in possession of the rampart.

But Bagnal was every where encouraging and reprimanding, — reminding his troops of former deeds of valour, and pointing to the rich and

beautiful lands around, as the reward of their heroic deeds. Order was again restored; and Bagnal now brought up his heavy artillery, and after a brisk cannonade, succeeded in levelling a considerable portion of the mound. Instantly two strong corps burst into the level ground: one of which attacked the right wing of the Irish army, where O'Neil himself commanded, while the other charged the left under O'Donnel. Bagnal supported these two divisions by a strong corps-de-reserve. Meanwhile the Irish light infantry, which had been driven back by the British artillery, had formed again and returned to the conflict, assailing the British divisions in flank, and even pushing into their rear notwithstanding the strong reserve which supported them.

Bagnal was obliged to bring up his corps of reserve rapidly, to sustain his grand divisions, and now the fight was general; man fought hand to hand with man, and horse was opposed to horse. It seemed as if those two armies were destined to die upon the field, without victory, without defeat, on either side. They stood in their lines and fell, and there was not upon either side any thought of flight or of despair. Bagnal passed sometimes slowly, some-

times rapidly in the rear or in the front, of his line, encouraging his troops in the deadly conflict, and apparently unconscious of the showers of shot that fell around him.

His divisions had suffered severely in the various combats of the morning, but it seemed as if these had but sharpened their appetite for the fight, and added to the strength and vigour of their arms. Bagnal was surprised at the steadiness of the foe, upon whom as yet he had not made the least impression. But he did not doubt of victory.

He was at this moment in the rear about the centre of his line, and meditating a movement, which he calculated would bring triumph to his standards. In order to obtain a full view of the enemy's positions, previous to issuing his orders, he raised himself in his stirrups ; then lifted the helmet from his head, and brought it forward so as to narrow the line of vision. As he did so, a ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell dead upon the ground.

The rumour that Marshal Bagnal was dead, ran like a cold shivering through the British lines. O'Neil brought up his reserve, which had not yet been in the combat, consisting of his own unconquered Gallowglasses,

the red branch knights, the corps of artillery, of “fauth-na-gail,” or “the terror of the stranger,” and the fine corps of cavalry and infantry of Ulick’s Tower, with some of M’Guire of Fermanagh’s light troops, and those of M’Mahon, of Monaghan. With these he passed through his front battalions, now weary with the fight, and charged the British in their whole line.

Marvel’s division alone stood their ground, and received the shock steadily. The rest were broken, and fled in disorder. Montague, upon whom the command had descended on the death of Marshal Bagnal, fled with the remains of the cavalry and infantry, to Armagh. Mælmora O’Reilly, Bagnal’s Irish ally, who commanded his own cavalry, in vain endeavoured to rally the fugitives, and was killed in the attempt. Montague hearing of O’Reilly’s death, did not consider himself safe in Armagh ; but recommenced his flight, quitting that town in disorder during the night, closely pursued by Terence O’Hanlan, at the head of O’Neil’s horse.

O’Neil’s victory was complete. Thirty-four standards, twelve thousand pieces of gold, all the British artillery and provisions fell into the hands of the conquerors. Twenty three superior

officers of the British army, and two thousand men lay dead upon the field. Marvel's division, after ineffectual efforts of valour, were surrounded and compelled to lay down their arms; and Marvel found himself once more O'Neil's prisoner.

O'Neil ordered that Bagnal's body should be searched for. It was found; and brought and laid at his feet. What were his feelings upon this occasion is not recorded. He stood over it, silent and motionless for a few minutes, then in a low tone, ordered that it should be buried with the honours due to a soldier of rank. This was all of Marshal Bagnal.

But the effects of his system did not die with him. It soon became visible that he had sapped the very foundations of the British power in Ireland; and when the former was shaken the latter crumbled into dust.

All Ireland rose in arms, protesting against the oppression of the adventurers, and rallying round the victorious chief of Ulster. O'Neil stood at the head of the chiefties of the Island, receiving the submissions of the Tanists, as Sovereign Lord and Prince.

He saw Marvel only for a minute; and said he would consult the interest and inclination of

his friend by sending him once more prisoner to Glenfinin.

Poor Haughton closed his career on the fatal field of Armagh; and it was said that the pilgrim of Lough Darig was also killed by a random shot after the battle, and while he was rifling the dead and dying on the field. It is certain that he was seen occupied in this pious pursuit, and was never seen more.

Marvel was soon after consoled for the disasters of Armagh, with the hand of Clara de Lacy, which he received at the high altar of Saint Bridget, of Glenfinin. The Lord De Burgo and O'Moore were present at the ceremony; and the lady abbess, though unable to stand, from age and gout, was held upright, while with tears in her eyes she pronounced her benediction.

It was a festival in the valley. All Marvel's old acquaintances and friends, and Clara's pensioners, were assembled on the green. Old Molloy, the harper, filled the calm bright evening with his gayest measure, but not without a tear to the memory of days long past, and hopes long perished.

Shamus Delany was again the master of the ceremonies, and marshalled the dance, but it was

said that he had grown steadier, and was more kind and constant to the lovely Lissy M'Donnel, Her uncomplaining and unconquerable attachment had at length fixed his fickle spirit.

Sister Frances was the most deeply affected of any, by the marriage of Clara. She wept plentifully at the solemn ceremony, and never afterwards was gay. Frances had entered the convent an enthusiastic devotionist, and she had outlived that passion, though not her sense of religion. Clara was a new passion for her, and like Clara, she would have wished to mingle her ardent spirit in the perilous obligations of active life. But she could not.

A few days after their marriage, Marvel and Clara learned that the Lord De Lacy had died in Dublin, of the severity of his confinement, and that Godfrey, who had never left his father, had set out for the Continent, accompanied by Rory Duff and his wolf dogs, to converse with the disciples of Friar Bacon, and several eminent astrologers of Germany.

After a short time, Marvel entered into quiet possession of the great estates of the De Lacy family; and was thence forward called Charles Marvel De Lacy, of Hi-Lacy. What his worth

and talents could not obtain, his rank and wealth procured, and in the reign of James, his wisdom and justice met the distinction they merited, and served greatly to promote the plans of that monarch in the pacification of Ireland.

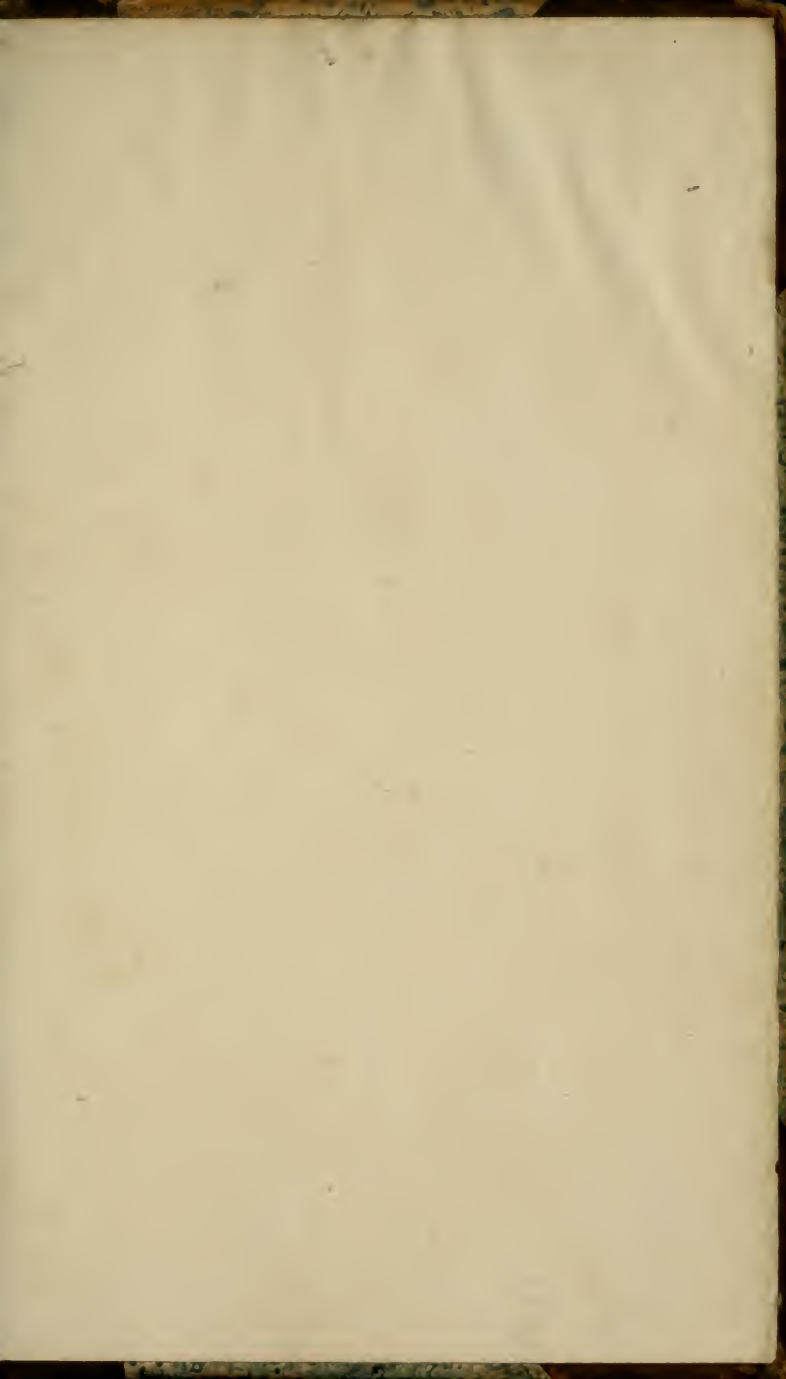
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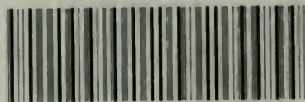
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